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Poetry.

For the Blade.

TIRED. (JOB 10-1.)

LOUISE BOUGHTON.

As days and years go on,
My soul grows weary with the toil,
The strife and wear of living;
The added years but added burdens bring,
I, bending under, carry, while with tired eyes
I strive to find my path, a tangled path,
Briers, and wild evil creeping things;
Still, I may not swerve to right or left—
It is my path.
Sometimes I backward turn to look
Along the lengthened way I've come;
Then onward with unwilling feet,
Knowing full well the end is near,
When all my burdens lifted, I shall have
My fill of perfect rest.
Warsaw, N. Y.

MY FIRST VENTURE.

The evening service through at last,
The boys around the church gate waited
To see the crowd come tripping past,
Like snowbirds willing to be mated,

Not braver he that leaps the wall
By level musket flashing litten
Than I who stepped before them all,
Who longed to see me get the mitten.

But no; she blushed and took my arm!
We left the old folks lane the highway
And started toward the Maple Farm
Along a kind of lover's highway.

I can't remember what we said;
'Twas easy being worth a song or story,
Yet that rude path by which we sped
Seemed all transformed and in a glory.

To have her with me there alone—
'Twas love and fear and triumph blended.
At last we reached the foot-worn stone
Where that delicious journey ended.

She shook her ringlets from her hood,
And with a "Thank you, Ned," dissembled;
But yet I know she understood
With what a daring wish I trembled.

A cloud passed kindly overhead,
The moon was sleepy peeping through it,
Yet hid its face as if it said,
"Come, now or never! do it! do it!"

My lips till then had only known
The kiss of mother and of sister,
But somehow, lull upon her own
Sweet, rosy, darling mouth—I kissed her.

Perhaps 'twas boyish love, yet still,
Oh, listless woman, weary lover!
To feel once more that fresh, wild thrill
I'd give—but who can live youth over?

Our Story Teller.

SAM NAYLOR.

Sam Naylor was the hero of Picardy Green. I do not know why it was called "Green." Perhaps there had been pleasant fields there once; but when Sam landed it over the long rows of blackened cottages it was covered with heaps of calcined shale and cinders. Massive brick furnaces stood in its center, the cruel flaring flames crowding up their sides, while from underneath trickled sluggishly the scoria used in making the black, ugly ronds that intersected this acre of fire and desolation.

Its inhabitants were workers in coal and iron, and had long been regarded as a peculiarly wicked and degraded class. But whatever they were, Sam was King among them, and few men in Picardy Green would have cared to say "no" to "Sam's yes."

One morning in the autumn of 1830, when the sky was brightly blue above the black fiery plain, Sam started for the works. He was a gigantic fellow, able to swing a hammer that no other man could lift, and as he stalked along in his leather suit, with an enormous bull-dog at his side, he was the very ideal of a modern Cyclops.

Passing through that part of the village where the few trades-people lived, he met a collier toward whom he had a particular dislike—a dislike which the men's dogs seemed to share, for while the master and only glowered at each other, the brutes flew to battle at once. In a very few minutes, however, the men were emulating them, and their blows and oaths mingled terribly with the hoarse growls and tearing of the animals.

The pitmen and ironmen of Picardy Green were ready fighters. No one minded their quarrels, and generally no one interfered. This morning, however, in the very height of passion, Sam felt a grasp on his arm, and turning hastily, saw standing by him a girl who was an utter stranger to him. She was very pretty, with a serious, steadfast face, and a great deal of that quaint air which we are wont to call "Quakerish." But her eyes met Sam's with a look at once fearless and pitiful, and before he could speak she said:

"You must not fight—father says so. It is very wicked."

"Hoa, there! Let-a-be, lass, or I'll trounce thee too. Tak' care o' Bully; he'll fly at thee. Gon away!"

"I will not go away until you stop fighting, and I am none afraid of your dog;" and she chirruped to the fierce brute, and called him to her.

That Bully, after a moment's consideration, left his own private quarrel and went to the girl, with a shamefaced air, was a miracle that affected Sam beyond all arguments. He stood gazing stupidly at the girl, rubbing his eyes as if he doubted their truth, and then said, angrily: "This bangs a' I iver seed! Gon tu'r pit now, Todd; I'll finish thy licking again."

Then Sam moved off the other way, and called his dog to follow him. But the dog was under the charm of the girl's eyes and hand, and he hesitated, upon which Sam gave him a furious kick. He had not calculated on further interference; and when the girl blazed into a sudden scornful anger, and called him "a cowardly fellow," he had never in all his life been in such an uncomfortable, perplexing position.

In fact, he was conquered as well as his dog, and he walked away wondering and angry at this strange power over him. Among the blazing furnaces, and in the midst of scarcely human toil, he felt the influence of those clear, searching eyes, and the touch of that soft firm hand. What did it mean?

At the noon hour, when the men sat down to eat their bread and bacon, Sam contrived to get next to Ben Boocock. Ben was a fervent Methodist, and Sam thought him the likeliest person to feel interested in the suppression of a fight. Besides Ben, before his conversion, had been a great admirer of Sam's special accomplishments, and since it, indeed, had often risked a blow in order to induce his old hero to "come to t' chapel." So he was well pleased to listen to Sam's tale, and his humor his interest in the girl who had so unexpectedly put a stop to the thrashing he was giving Todd.

"Eh! she wor a spunky 'un, that wor she. Thar isn't a lad in t' shire would hae dared Sam Naylor to that gate," said Ben. "I'll be bound it wor our new preacher's lile lass. I hear'n tell she wor a rare 'un. What wor she like, now, Sam.?"

Sam had a very vivid memory of a gravе, pretty face, with bands of brown hair brushed across a broad white brow; but his vocabulary of words suitable for such a conversation as this was a very meagre one. He could only say:

"She wor just bonnie, Ben, wi' a masterful wy her. I'll ay hae a pound she wor t' preacher's lass, for she said summit about her fayther. It's good for him he sent t' lass, an' didn't potter himsel' i' my affairs."

"He only came three days gone by. They say he axed conference to send him here. He's been used to pit lads, an' thinks m' happen he can do summat for 'em."

That night, when the works closed, Sam and Ben again fell into each other's company. As they passed down King street, Sam said, "It wor just here I wor thrashing Todd when she touched me."

"An' that's preacher's house, an' yonder he comes himsel', an' I'd say fur sure that the lile lass went with him is the vera yan ya mean, Sam."

"Ay, ay, thats on's her;" and before the men could say more, Ben had greeted his new pastor.

The preacher was a man in the prime of life, and quite a match physically for Sam Naylor. Indeed, a dim doubt as to how a fight would have terminated in case the father elected of the daughter had chosen "to potter in his affairs" crossed Sam's mind. Perhaps if he had known at that time that the Rev. John Burslam had once wielded a heavier hammer than his own, he might have had still graver doubts.

He was annoyed at Ben stopping to speak to him; for the preacher had said, "Good evening, Mr. Naylor," and offered his hand; and the courtesy had so far pleased Sam that he felt constrained to accept it. Besides, little Mary Burslam had also said, "Good evening, Mr Naylor," and the charm of her voice and eyes he could no more resist than could his dog, which had instantly bowed his great head to the touch of her small fingers.

Several pitmen passed, and looked curiously or insolently at the trio, but this circumstance only made Sam more pleasant with the preacher. He noted well every offender, and he mentally promised each of them "such a topper of a lesson as he'd need nobbut yance."

So for reasons easily understood, the meeting was rather a prolonged one. The preacher had discovered Sam's influence in the village, and longed to win so valuable a coadjutor. Ben Boocock was proud of his minister, and proud of his friend, and proud also of the sensation that the two talking together were making in the village; and Sam was defiantly passive in the hands of Ben, "acause he wor bound to talk wi' auther Methody or devil wi'out axing cat or Christian down it."

Then the preacher had shaken hands with him, "Mr. Naylor," and though Sam had said, "Nay, nay. I's plain Sam al'ays," he had secretly been very much pleased with the compliment. He was, indeed, too busy with his own peculiar position in the eyes of the men passing to under-stand very clearly what was being said about "a night school" and a "temperance lodge" and "Mr. Naylor's influence;" but when little Mary Burslam added, at parting, "You must be sure to come, Mr. Naylor," he heard her very clearly, and answered, shyly, "I'll come some neet, lass; see if I doan't."

Perhaps he was annoyed both at the promise and the meeting, for when Ben and he parted their walk, Sam was surly and quiet. Bully divined at once his master's mood, and fell behind him, and Ben also saw that his friend would bear the intrusion of new ideas no further that night. So as they neared the wretched cottage of which Sam was master, Ben said, "Good-neet, Sam; I's see thee at works to-morn."

"Happen the will, an' happen tha won't. I's gotten some fowk to settle up wi' to-neet. I's niver let Jos Hewett and Jimmy Hirst look at me yon way."

"Thear, now! It's no law-brekking to look. Niver mind their gaggings on. I thowt thou wert above striving wi' fowk tied to git warst o' it."

"But it, man, I won't mind thee! It wad be a ruin o' Sam Naylor were to do what lile Ben Boocock towd him." And thus muttering, Sam shut the dirty little wicket with a bang, and left Ben standing outside it. Ben did not understand that this temper was a very natural reaction; he was much troubled, and feared he had in some way undone all the preacher's good influence.

But he would not have thought so if he could have seen Sam sitting on the dirty hearthstone that made all that was home to the poor fellow. Indeed, it was the consideration of Sam's home that had at first led the Rev. John Burslam to believe the village bully a much nobler fellow than he appeared to be; and as this home was a peculiarly melancholy, dirty one, the preacher's reason needs some explanation.

He judged from the following promises.

Three years previously Sam's sister had been left by a frightful colliery accident helpless and penniless with five young children. "Helpless," was an adjective exactly suited to Martha Yatton. She was a sickly, slatternly woman, always ready to cry, and never for a moment forgetful of the great tragedy of her life. Crying women don't keep tidy houses or cook good meals. Besides, the children were both noisy and unruly.

But no one ever heard Sam complain. If ever he felt inclined to grumble, Martha's tears and moans reproved him; and as for the four lads, and the one delicate little lass who called him "uncle," he bore their quarrels and wants and sicknesses with a patience that won every one's admiration and respect.

This night things were no better and no worse than usual; Sam accepted the tardy meal, and bore with the usual noise and the usual complaining with his usual passive patience. Then, after his tea, he called Bully and went out. There was a high bank on one side of a filthy canal, covered with long blackened grass, and here the men at the village were accustomed on Sunday evenings to congregate. Thirty or forty were sitting on the grass as he approached, all of them smoking, and the most of them with their bull dogs by their sides.

Evidently they had been talking of Sam, for, as he approached, a sudden silence fell on the group. Sam broke it by a word to Bully—a word which instantly threw the lounging, sneering men into commotion. Sam's dog was worrying Jimmy Hirst's dog, and the men were taking sides, and laying bets on the result. As the dogs bit and worried one another the excitement increased, for it was very soon evident that the men were eager to take part in the fight.

A dumb devil possessed Sam; he did not deign to speak a word, but his looks and actions were a far more provoking challenge than any words could have been. In fact, it was Jimmy Hirst who uttered the first taunt and struck the first blow, but after they fell thick and fast as hail. Again, in the midst of his passion, Sam was arrested. This time, however, by a clear strong voice outside the ring ordering him in peremptory tones, to "put down Jimmy Hirst."

"It's constable."

"It's Methody preacher."

Sam entered the command by dragging his opponent to the edge of the bank and flinging him into the canal beneath it. Instantly there was a clamor of voices.

"T' lad can't swim!"

"Shame, Sam Naylor! That's no fair play."

"It's plain murder!"

"Run for the constable!"

Then there was another plunge in the black crawling water. The preacher had dived after the wounded, dazed collier. For a moment it was feared that neither would re-appear. The mad at the bottom was deep, and the man heavy and senseless with Sam's blows. But John Burslam knew his own skill and strength; in a few minutes diving he was safe upon the bank, and the constable had his hand upon Sam's shoulder.

So Sam did not go to the works in the morning. He was in jail, with the prospect of the house of correction or treadmill before him. But that fascination which Sam had always exercised over his companions now came to his help. They all declared that Sam had been provoked "beyond reason," and Jimmy Hirst did not think it prudent to make all Sam's admirers his enemies. He confessed in court that "he had called Sam a Methody, and struck the first blow."

The justice, an old-fashioned clergyman of the Church of England, decidedly opposed to "Methody," admitted, with a queer smile of sympathy, the great provocation, and decided that Sam might be set at liberty on finding bonds for £50 to keep the peace for six months.

Fifty pounds! Sam had not a sovereign in the world. To go to prison, to leave Martha and the children, to lose his work, his name—and a score of frightful consequences rushed into his mind. He had come into a situation where mewls and lamentations were of no avail.

"Your honor—your reverence—" he said, with a choking voice, and then stopped, for the Rev. John Burslam in a few words offered himself as the prisoner's bondsman, and was accepted.

Thus there was a double tie between the men. Sam had no great choice of words outside those pertaining to his work and sports; but his great dumb heart had received several new impressions, and feeling, sooner or later, breaks forth into speech. The preacher was no ways hurt at Sam's silence. He knew that his gratitude was struggling with a galling sense of humiliation and obligation.

But, for all this, he did not waste his opportunity. Never had Sam Naylor heard such downright truths. All the accomplishments on which he prided himself, John Burslam proved to be utterly brutal and contemptible. Sam looked stealthily at his brawny arms, and felt ashamed for them. Bully's big jaws and mighty grip lost value in his eyes. When they passed the village ale-house, and he heard his companions drink-ing his health and roaring out rude songs in their rude *patois*, he had no sense of triumph in the honor. The fawning congratulations of the men he met, the sneers or compliments of the women, scarcely affected him. His great drowsy soul was awakening, but awakening in the midst of a tempest of opposing feelings—a tempest in which all was darkness as well as tumult.

As they neared the preacher's house the door opened, and little Mary stood on the steps to welcome them. "Oh, Mr. Naylor, I am so glad all is right!" she said, and offered him her hand. He clicked steadfastly at her a moment, and then threw his hands behind him. "Nay, nay," he stammered; "I'm not fit to touch thee, lass."

He turned suddenly up the street and John let him go without protest. Silence was "the word in season" in this case. Sam's first thought was the ale-house, for he craved beer importunately. But he also craved solitude and quiet, and for once he dreaded the thought of the big arm-chair, and the crowd of men with their tipsy jokes and songs.

While he hesitated he saw Mary Burslam standing between him and the open door of temptation. She stood in the bright sunshine, and her dress whiter than the light, and her sweet, serious face looked steadfastly at him. "A hallucination?" Of course it was a hallucination to me, or to any of my readers; but to Sam Naylor, no—it was as real as life and death to him.

"I'll niver goa inside t' door again; see if I do!" And with his homely promise on his lips Sam turned to his own house.

It was even more uncomfortable than usual. Martha had good cause for weeping, and she was indulging in it. Not even Sam's countenance that "it was all right" could comfort her. But her complaints fell on deaf ears. He drank the pot of tea she made for him, and then, shutting himself in the second room, tried to think over things. This event had, as it were, broken his life in two. The things that had been his glory never could be again. John Burslam's scorn had robbed them of all favor in his eyes. And yet they had been a power that it grieved him to relinquish. Who would take his place? That was a bitter thought. His obligation to the preacher galled him. "Wha axed him to tak' a hand i' my fight?" he demanded, angrily, and then the next moment he thought of Jimmy Hirst's wound, and of Sam Naylor in prison, with the gallows before him. He followed out these thoughts till he was in a tempest, and wanted beer more imperatively than ever. Then, swift as an arrow, and keener than the keenest steel, his promise to Mary Burslam arrested him.

He might have reasoned that it was the ale-house he promised not to enter, and so have Martha fetch his beer home; but Sam was a straightforward sinner; he had not learned to play tricks with his conscience. He might have reasoned that it was not really Mary, and that a promise made to a fancy was not binding. But in all rude natures there is a strong sentiment of that spiritual something we call superstition, and though Sam could not define his ideas about Mary's appearance, he believed that in some mysterious way she had been permitted to warn him. His promise to her he regarded as irrevocable, unless he was prepared to face consequences he dared not take into consideration.

But the feelings I have endeavored to analyze and Sam was in furious confusion. Remorse, anger, shame, pride, superstitious fear, reverent admiration, tortured and divided him. If it had been a physical pain, he could have understood it, but this inarticulate agony of the soul in all its senses conquered him. As night came on he put on his cap and went out to the gate, looking this way and that, like a man in extremity. There was no moon but the furnaces threw large lustres to the sky and shifting lights across the black moor beyond the village, and there he went to fight out the battle raging within him.

After hours of anguish, he decided to mention to John Burslam. "I'll goa tu t' preacher; I'm fair dazed—that I am;" and he went straight to John's house, called him up, and poured out his whole heart to him. It was a queer confession, and many might have doubted Sam's sincerity, for wounded pride, sensual regrets, matters of drink and dog-fighting, were queerly mixed with sorrow for his neglect of "a' that could mak' a man o' him," and his total forgetfulness of God.

But John had stood just where Sam was standing, and he quite understood him. He was holding Sam's hand and crying over it before he had finished. "Sam," said it was Sam who had organized relief parties, and worked night and day himself, until the poor imprisoned souls had been delivered. The eulogium on his bravery and prudence was very pleasant to both father and daughter, and they looked at each other with full eyes.

"Sam, you have been thinking so persistently of him all yesterday, Mary! What a noble soul! He is a born helper of men. He ought to be a preacher."

"If he has a call, father, he will hear it in God's time. Saving men's lives is a very good theological school, I think."

Still, after that, John could not dismiss the idea. He loved at the first ardent men before him, and thought of the modest, loving soul that he had left to fight its way upward amid the depressing influences of Picardy Green, and a kind of remorse took possession of his sensitive conscience. So, "after many days," Sam got a wonderful letter, and then many letters, and the end was that, when a year ago Sam was sitting again at his old pastor's feet.

Seven years make great changes in men, and it was seven years since these two had met. But the changes in Sam had all been good ones. There was still a kind of Doric simplicity in his dress, speech and manners; but his great heart had so managed and molded his stature that his true presence was in every way winning.

To no one more so than to the sweet fair woman who had once so unceremoniously laid her hand on his brutal arm ten years before. Who then could have foreseen the consequences of little Mary Burslam's interference! But in character as well as in events great things grow from little ones.

The change in Sam Naylor's life introduced him so my personal knowledge. I was in Mary Burslam's Sunday-school class, and I loved her with a romantic affection. The instinctive jealousy of a child soon divined that Mr. Naylor loved her also, and perhaps I should have learned to dislike him if Mary had not generously asked me often to her house, and made much of me before my rival. Before long I was reconciled to him, and a year afterward I was very happy in the part I took in their solemnly happy bridal.

Then they went away, and for a long time I watched the Minutes of Conference, and followed them over the map of England. But from no idols are we so easily weaned as from those of our childhood, and new scenes and interests I quite forgot the Rev. Samuel Naylor and his wife.

Ten years afterward I was going southward to see the great exhibition of 1851. At the manufacturing town of S——— I had many friends, and I resolved to stay over one Sabbath day with them. They were Methodists of the strictest sect, and were full of joyful surprise and congratulation at my visit. I could not have come at a more fortunate time! It was a special providence; it was just wonderful! The great Mr. Naylor was going to preach at Picardy Green the next day! Surely I had heard of Mr. Naylor? And an old servant added, for no friend, honest souls, "Eh! but thou wort al'ays a lass in good time, thou wort."

We intended to have been there for the morning service, but one of our party was sick, and we were detained so long that it was six in the evening when we got within sight of the bare black moor and its smoking furnaces. Intersected by roads in every direction, every road was full of crowded vehicles, and men, women, and children on foot. They were all making for one spot, the large new chapel that Mr. Naylor was opening for worship that day.

It had been crowded in the morning, but it soon was evident that it would not contain the half of the evening congregation. I do not know who proposed it, nor how it got to be generally understood; I only followed a great crowd of people outside the town, and there I saw that a rude pulpit had been arranged by the aid of a wagon, some planks, and a little table.

A rude pulpit, but a wonderful service. I own to a partiality for Charles Wesley's hymns, and especially when thousands sing them with all their heart in the summer twilight. And then the moon rose, and the great furnaces leaped up fitfully, and between the two lights I saw the grand, stern figure of a man, bare-headed and open-armed; and his mighty voice had but one theme for the charmed multitude—the Christ of the poor and forsaken, the Christ of the slave and the prisoner, the Christ of the Magdalene and the poor Samaritan, the Christ whose pierced hands have broken for us the chain of sin and death.

I can see yet the crowds scattering slowly in the strangely-mixed light, some silent, some talking earnestly, some weeping, a great many singing. East and west, north and south, they vanished into darkness, while I sat listening to what was said of the preacher.

"He might have the best circuit in England," said the enthusiastic little woman at my side.

"So he might, so he might, Lydia, but he's al'ays most at home wi' coal and iron lads. An' his wife (women-folks are much of a muchness)—but she's a rare 'un. Says she, 'They love you, an' they know what you mean, husband, an' just bide where God put you.' I nobbut saw her but yance, but it mak's me good only to think o' her."

I heard this without taking much heed of it, for I was thinking of those "two pierced hands of Christ," those wounded hands, so pitiful and yet so strong. Suddenly a little man jumped up from the roadside and in a voice that was half singing and half crying said:

"Give us a lift, measter. If yo've been tu meetin' yo' won't mind it. I'm nobbut going to Yatley Common; yo're naite but road."

We took him up gladly, a little, sturdy, shabby man, who cried softly to himself most of the way.

"But it's wi' fair joy," he explained as he left us. "Yo' see I've been wi' Sam Naylor, an' I've heard him preach, an' well but you were grau' words he said. Yance I craw'd him Methody to name him, an' he flung me into t' canal, an' maistly drowned me, he did, sure."

"And he served you right—that he did," said my friend warmly.

"Ay, ay; but if I'd been drowned, then Sam had have been hung—that's what I'm thinking on. Yo' see, looks like God did know whatna far we'd comed here. Good-neet, friend;" and the little man went singing over Yatley Common.

I never forgot him, and years afterwards when the whole of this story came to my knowledge, I was very glad to have such a pleasant memory of little Jimmy Hirst.

Humor.

TEACHING A SUNDAY-SCHOOL CLASS

A Young Sprig of the Law Has His First and Last Experience.

"Why, dear me, if it isn't almost 3 o'clock! I've got to start right off to Sunday-school! I have a class, you know! You'll come along too, won't you, George? You must come! You need it sadly enough, goodness knows!"

This was Eva. Eva is sort of a seventh cousin of mine, with a charming home just out of town, and I was Sundaying there. Eva's papa has just gone in pretty vehemently on an iron mine up in Michigan; and, you see, I'm nursing Eva along, so to speak, till I see what the mine is going to do. So I said: "Why, I assure you, nothing could give me greater pleasure."

So we went; and I, with the accustomed modesty of my profession (the law), slunk into a back seat with the intention of quietly twirling my thumbs and otherwise utilizing the time.

But hark!—a stealthy tread—'tis the superintendent!

"I am very much in need of another teacher; one of my teachers is away today, and won't you be good enough to take his place?"

"Well, I should rather say not!" I remarked to my inner self, while outwardly I stammered: "Why—thank you, sir—but, really—it has been so long since I had such a pleasure—that—really, I fear I could scarcely do the subject justice."

But the superintendent was quite sure, etc.; and after about five minutes of this fascinating debate, during which what seemed to me about a thousand eyes were feasting upon my glowing features—my temperature having gone from 85 to the neighborhood of 800—my charming seventh cousin came swaying swan-like down the aisle, saying:

"O, do ask him to take a class; he teaches a class beautifully; only he needs a little urging."

O, Sapphira, Sapphira, how the modern 19-year-old, brown-eyed Sunday school teacher can leave you behind when she wants to!

"You just take this lesson paper and ask the questions; they're all printed there, you see; and they answer them, and that's all."

I looked toward the door, but two corpulent females stood there in protracted converse. To squeeze between them was impossible. The lowness of the lintel precluded a wild leap over their heads; the windows were closed and calked with cotton since the winter. So I walked meekly down the aisle, my heart thrilling with religious emotion, and took my place before the class. There they sat—ten boys of them, waiting for the fray. I seized the lesson paper; there they were, just ten questions of them, waiting to be asked. With an impressive Sabbatical intonation I began dealing out the ten interrogations from left to right. Regarding the accuracy of the answers the brevity of my preparation did not permit me to form an authoritative opinion. Regarding their speed there could be no question; and hardly had I begun before I found myself at the last boy, and my last question used up. I looked around at the superintendent to see if he showed signs of dissolving the office, but he appeared to be right in the midst of business hours and was holding a very cheerful conversation with my aforementioned Sapphiratical relative.

I gazed about at the other teachers; they were all deep in the instruction of youth. The time for folding your tents, like the Arabs, had evidently not yet arrived. It was safe to say that I'd got to stay until the next question. Bright thought! I'll begin at the other end. So I did, reading out the meagre words as slowly and lingeringly as possible. But there I was again at the last boy. I peered anxiously around. The superintendent was still chatting with enchanting obliviousness; his able corps of assistants were still in the heat and din of the engagement.

"Boys," said I, striving as best I could to conceal my emotion, "how long does this last?"

"Till 4."

I then shot an eager glance at the ecclesiastical time-piece over my head; it was seventeen minutes past 3.

"My good"—but I checked myself. I was way up in front, where everybody could see. I'd got to keep things moving, or there'd be no end of scandal. Calling up all the resources of a well-disciplined mind, I speedily hit upon another plan, and asked my ten precious questions all over again, making the boys answer in concert. This got rid of several minutes. It was now 20 minutes past 3. An awkward pause; a moment of intense thought; then I had them answer, beginning at the last question and going backward. Then I had all the boys over 12 years of age recite in turn; then all under 12. It was now nineteen minutes of 4.

Then I began again at the first question, making each boy stand up and face the opposite wall while he answered. Thirteen minutes and 29 seconds of 4!

"Boys," said I, beginning to warm to the work, "now stand up and answer these questions again, lifting your right foot off the floor as you do so; now your left foot; now both feet." Six minutes eighteen and nine-tenth seconds of 5!

"Boys," said I, mopping my dewy brow, "I will ask you these questions again; and, as each one is called up, he must first stand on his feet and repeat his answer backward, and then stand on his head and repeat it sideways."

I had only, however, got as far as the fourth boy when the bell rang and the school closed.

This happened three months ago, but my physician tells me it will yet be a long time before I can endure any severe mental strain; and that I must not think of resuming the onerous duties of my profession. I love Eva in a pretty hard, when I had such a fine start, with office, light office and an upholstered swivel chair; and my letter-heads all printed and everything all ready for a case.—*J. P. Lyons in Puck.*

An Intelligent Dog.

A question answered. Omaha man—Are those pug dogs intelligent?

Omaha lady (proud owner of a pug)—Oh, their intelligence is almost human.

"I am surprised to hear that."

"I can't begin to tell you how much the dear little fellow knows. Mercy me! Jane! Jane! Where are you?"

Jane (a servant)—Here, mum.

"Run out as fast as you can and bring the dog in. It's raining."

Advice Not Wanted.

Lady Vere de Vere's American cousin, buying dress goods (in doubt) "I really—don't—know."

Stunning salesgirl—It suits your style perfectly, miss.

American Cousin—Well, I'll take twelve yards.

Stunning salesgirl (communicative)—I'm having a dress of the same pattern myself.

American Cousin (with emphasis)—I don't wish the goods, thank you,—and flounces out.

Stunning salesgirl thinks and thinks.

Her Opinion.

The reports of burglaries had made the mistress of the house cautious, and she reminded her maid-of-all-work that the door at the foot of the back stairs must be bolted at night, and told her the reason why.

"They wouldn't come up stairs, would they?" asked Abigail.

"They might," said the mistress.

"And go into the rooms where folks are sleeping?"

"Yes, indeed."

"Well, if they ain't got cheek!"—*Boston Transcript.*

BURDETTE'S LATETS QUIPS.

CERTAINLY.

Young physician—"How are you getting on this morning?" Patient—"I hardly know pretty slow, I fancy." Y. P.—"Did you take the prescription I left?" "Oh, yes." Y. P.—"Feel any worse?" "No-no." Y. P., decidedly—"Ah; I must change the prescription."

THE PLOT THICKENS.

It has just been discovered that Mr. Blaine has for some months past been engaged in killing off his strongest rivals for the Presidential nomination. He has been having their portraits printed in the newspapers. They are now as dead men.

COMPARATIVELY TRUE.

A wise man has just rushed into print to declare that Jonah was swallowed by an earthquake. Oh, yes; that's reasonable enough; instead of a fish, it was a fissure.

HIS EPITAPH.

The doctor had for many years been financial agent for a great religious society, and had begged this wide land dry from Dan to Beersheeba. Said a brother D. D. to him one day: "Doctor, if I am to preach your funeral sermon, I have the text selected, Luke, xvi. 22: "And it came to pass that the beggar died."

PROBABLY NOT.

"I don't see why you can't keep awake in church," said the pastor. "I am there as long as you are and I don't have to sleep half the time." "Oh, well," replied the deacon, "you just set down in the pew and let me preach and I'll bet a new organ you couldn't keep your eyes open ten minutes."

WOMAN IN POLITICS.

"Where have you been all day?" asked Mr. Tret. "Down town," replied his wife. "Gossip and tattle, I reckon?" "No, sir; financial politics; I've been reducing the surplus." "You don't know anything about it." snarled the old man. "You're just like any woman when she tries to talk politics; you've been increasing the deficit, that's what you've been doing".

AT THE BARGAIN COUNTER.

"Mr. Walker," said the clerk, "the twelve cent prints at the remnant counter are going fast and are about sold out." "All right, I'll attend to it. Mr. Answan, cut a lot more of those seven-cent prints into remnants and send them over to the remnant counter."

FOUND IN THE INCURABLE WARD.

New Scientor Jones down in Mich.,
For politikel honors doth fich,
Saying, "Oh, 'twas a lie.,
When I left Fla.,
That I may get back do I wich."

THERE HAS TO BE.

"There is always room at the top," said the orator; and a carpenter in the crowd said that just made him mad. "Why, of course there is; there has to be, unless you're only building a one-story house."

RIGHT TO THE SPOT.

"You say you stumped Texas for the prohibition ticket; what peculiarity of your audiences struck you most forcibly?" "Well," said the missionary, "the chunks of clay and pieces of brick struck me most forcibly, but the eggs stayed by me the longest."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Bravery Unrewarded.

He came into the club with a big scar on his nose and a bump very low down on his forehead.

"Prize fight?" I asked.

"No."

"Row?"

"No."

"Ran up against a tree?"

"No. You're very inquisitive. Went to a fire, that's all."

"Did the hose strike you?"

"No. I got those scars saving a fellow's effects. There was a poor devil of a storekeeper being burnt up. I made off to help him. The door didn't happen to be open, so I went through a panel of glass with my head, got in and saved his books."

"That was noble! He must have felt grateful."

"Grateful be ——— He asked me what he thought I wanted to save his ledger for—didn't I know any better? I didn't, and I guess he's my enemy for life."—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Soon Get Acquainted.

He was a bright, talkative boy of 8 or 9, and he rang the door bell of a house on Brush street the other day and asked to see the lady of the house. He was admitted, and when she came into the parlor he said:

"I belong to the family who just moved in next door."

"Yes."

"We want to be neighborly. Are you coming to call on ma?"

"Why—why, child, I don't know."

"You'd better come. Then she can come over to see you. She's a great woman to go to see you. I'll show you the place where she had a felon on her hand. You want to be neighborly, don't you?"

"I—I suppose so."

"Well, then, I'll borrow a hunk of butter, and you come over and borrow our close bars, and we'll soon be acquainted. We ain't a bit stuck up even if we have got a mortgage on the parlor. Well, good-bye."—*Chicago Ledger.*

Peculiar Taste to the Water.

Little Nellie, five years old, went to walk on Sunday afternoon with her parents. The party strolled along the bank of the reservoir, concerning the use of which Nellie asked many questions. While they were there they witnessed an exciting episode—a small boy's straw hat was blown off his head into the reservoir, and fished out with no little difficulty with the aid of a long pole.

That evening at supper, as Nellie was drinking water from a glass, she asked—

"Is this water the same as the water up in the reservoir?"

"Yes dear."

Nellie smacked her lips in an experimental way, and with a slight expression of displeasure—

"Well," she said, "I think it tastes some of a straw hat!"—*Boston Transcript.*

He Intends to Get His Supper.

Alfred is a youth of three, verging upon four, who is noted for the careful zeal with which he keeps track of the recurring meal times, as well as for general intelligence.

The other day he remarked gravely to his mother:

"Mamma, we've all got to die."

"Yes, Alfred."

"But we'll get up again?"

"Yes."

"Well, when I die, I am going to get up again and get some supper!"

"You may be trusted for that, my boy, if there's any supper to be had," said his mother.—*Boston Transcript.*

Where it Might Lead.

Omaha darky—"Say, boss, is dat so about de President sendin' back all dem rebel flags to our ole masters?"

Omaha editor—"No, that idea has been given up."

"Aint goin' to sen' dem den?"

"No."

"Dat's all right. I was gettin' afraid maybe he'd be wantin' to send us back next."—*Omaha World.*

The Horrors of Dentistry.

Mamma—No, dear, you can't go to see Lucy because you must get ready to go to the dentist's to have your teeth attended to.

Little Dot—I just hate to have my teeth fixed.

"It is one of those disagreeable things which has to be done, pet."

"Oh, dear! I'd almost rather say my prayers when I'm sleepy than to have a tooth filled."

He Knew Her Cooking.

She (to her husband at the seaside)—Mary, Kate, Bob and Frank took the yacht to-day and haven't come back yet. I'm not alarmed, though. I gave them all of that cake I baked yesterday and so they won't have to come home to their dinner.

He (anxiously)—How many life preservers did they take with them?

She—Four, I believe.

He—Only one apiece. Guess I'll go down and put the life savers on the watch.—*Mail and Express.*

An Eventful Two Weeks.

He (trying to get out of it pleasantly)—I'm awfully sorry that I must go to-night, Miss Jessie. What an agreeable two weeks we've had of it! I will go and ask your father—" he was going to say "to harness the horse."

She—"Oh, William, I knew it would come and I asked pa yesterday so as to have no more trouble. He is more than willing."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Miscellany.

THE ELECTION OF THE FUTURE.

A Conversation of the Days of Female Suffrage—When They Come.

When the right of suffrage is finally given to women and they both vote and hold office, we may expect to hear candidates for office sized up in the following seathing manner by women at the polls:

"Who are you going to vote for, Bessie?"

"Oh, I really don't know. But don't you think it's just perfectly lovely for us to have the right to vote at all?"

"Oh, it's too awfully jolly for anything! But, do you know I was just worried to death for fear Madame Fittem wouldn't have my dress done in time for election day."

"But she did, I see; and it's just lovely. I was worried awfully over my election bonnet, but it came at the last moment or I wouldn't have come near the polls. Are you going to vote for Mamie Berkeley for city treasurer?"

"No, I'm not; we've been 'out' for a long time, and I think she's just horrid."

"I think so too; she dresses away beyond her means no, and there'd be no living in the same town with her if she was city treasurer. What do you think of Mrs. St. John for mayor?"

"Oh, I think she'd be lovely. She has such a queenly manner and dresses in such perfect taste; but most of the girls are voting for Howard Percy for mayor; he's so handsome, you know."

"Oh, yes; but then he's so conceited, and such a dreadful flirt. He's engaged himself to half the girls in town just to secure their votes."

"The mean, horrid thing!"

"What do you think of Mrs. Banter for Congress?"

"I think she'd better stay at home and look after her children. There's six or seven of them running around here now peddling out her tickets. Do tell me, Janie, are my frizzes all coming out?"

"No, they look nicely. How are mine?"

"Lovely! your hair does frizz so beautifully. Look at Mr. Meek electioneering for his wife for representative. They say if she's elected she's going to leave her six weeks' old baby in charge with him while she goes to the capital for the legislative session."

"Think of it! And won't she *dress*, though. I'd vote for Hugh Maudeville, but they say he's engaged to Helen Smythe, and I can't endure *her*. She's around here some place trying to get the other girls to vote for Hugh."

"I call that cheeky. But I sha'n't vote for him. Margie Montague is my candidate. She's going to invite me to Washington if she's elected."

"How lovely that will be! I've half a mind to vote for Margie myself. Do you know, Belle Fielding and Libbie Lavelle have had an *awful* quarrel over the office of city councilman?"

"No! How perfectly dreadful!"

"Isn't it? Libbie accused Belle of buying up votes with French bon-bons and boxes of kid gloves; and Belle told right out before everybody that the set of Libbie's upper teeth were false and that her lovely waves are not her own hair."

"How *mean* of Belle! If I was Libbie I'd *never* forgive her. I intended voting for Belle, but I shan't now. I cannot conscientiously vote for a girl who could deliberately give another girl away in that shameful manner. It's a mercy she didn't know all I know about Libbie, or the poor girl might have been mortified clear out of the campaign. I shall scratch Belle."

"I've scratched about everybody on my ticket."

"So have I. Most of the girls running for office are so horrid."

"So they are."

HOW TO WEAR FLOWERS.

Some Hints for the Fair Sex Upon this Subject.

This is the month of roses, and a lady devoted to their culture has work them with great success every day thus far. She has a deep phial-shaped little rubber tube that clings closely about the neck at the top, but is large enough to hold sufficient water at the bottom to preserve them. Into this she plunges the stalks of half a dozen Jacqueminot roses, fastens it securely on her hat, and puts a fall of lace or bows and ends of ribbon over the rubber arrangement. In this way a whole evening may be spent in a hot theater; her gorgeous roses do not droop. The difference between natural and artificial flowers needs only to be seen to be appreciated. The great drawback in wearing flowers is their transient beauty in a heated room. Many ladies buy a few fine artificial roses and mix in the natural ones, so that when they droop and fade away the works of art remain. We have now seen, as they do on many a lady's face. At a recent reception a conspicuous belle wore a lovely toilet of shades of the then fashionable heliotrope. Her escort asked her what her bouquet should be, and she ignorantly told him to get heliotrope. When the carriage came at 10:30, the lady went for her bed and most beautiful effect. There, amid the splendid pink satin streamers that fastened it, lay a bunch

Recent Literature.

"Random Recollections," by Henry B. Stanton, is one of the most interesting books which have been issued this year. It contains the records of 50 years of popular life, and the author, familiar with the men and events which have filled the last half century with interest, has brought them before the reader with a vivid reality that fixed them in the memory. The name of the book is no misnomer, for it is really made up of random recollections; but they are of just what readers most desire to hear or read of.

The book is published by Harper & Brothers, New York.

The "Story of a New York House," by H. C. Bunner, is issued by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. It is a book instinct with pathos and humor, and is a picture of New York life unsurpassed in its skilful handling. Beginning early in the present century with the building of a country house in a district then far out of the city, but now part of its heart, the fortunes of the deserted mansion and the new are followed, and the story is now carried on from father to children to the third generation, when the old house is torn down and its owner of old sinks to the ground with it. A distinct charm is added to the book by its illustrations, by A. B. Frost.

"Norway Nights and Russian Days," the record of a pleasant summer tour, by S. M. Henry Davis, author of "Life and Times of Sir Philip Sidney," is published by Ford, Howard & Hulbert, New York. It is not often that one picks up a prettier or more attractive little volume than this, suggesting with its exterior decoration the soft, strange effect of the midnight sun in the "Norway Nights" and the ruddy, golden splendor of "Russian Days," combined in a striking, and yet not obtrusive design. And the interior look is alluring,—a dainty page of creamy paper and clear, open type, enlivened with many characteristic drawings of men and things of curious interest, and some effective landscapes. The style of writing is fascinating, and the author is evidently one who observes closely.

"Principles of Education Practically Applied" is a book for teachers by J. M. Greenwood, the superintendent of the Kansas City schools. The object of the writer is, in his own words, "To help the teachers of this country to do better and more intelligent work in the school room. The subject is treated under three heads, as follows: Temperaments; Educational Psychology, Educational Principles and Their Application. The book cannot fail to be of especial value to young teachers, who will be enabled to pass more easily over many rough places. Published by D. Appleton & Company, New York.

The same house issues in paper covers a novel entitled, "Dick's Wanderings," written by Julian Sturgis, the author of "John Maidment," etc. It is a pleasant story for summer reading. Another pamphlet from the same house is "The Great Hesper," by Frank Barrett, author of "Honest Davie," which is also a bright story full of dramatic incident.

"Drone's Honey," by Sophie May, is issued by Lee & Shepard, Boston. The author is so well known for her bright and fascinating stories that this one will be taken up with every expectation of entertainment. And the reader will not be disappointed. Here is introduced in the first chapter as well as the heroine, and though he presents himself at first in not the most agreeable light, later on he discloses himself as a very fascinating and pleasant character. "Drone's Honey" is an exceedingly good book for summer leisure hour reading.

Lee & Shepard also issue a new edition of Horace Mann's advice to young men, which is always good. It is given to the public again by Mrs. Mann, in answer to a call for it by individuals and societies. It is entitled "Thoughts For A Young Man," and is full of the very best advice for those who are just entering life, and will benefit older ones who have already run against the snags, sure to be found, sooner or later.

"The American Electoral System," by Charles A. O'Neil, L. L. B., is published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. It is a discussion of the present plan of electing a president of the United States, entered into, the author says, for the purpose of awakening interest in this most important subject. That there is a general discontent with the present process is certain, and that the nation is threatened with great danger from certain failures in the land is also true. The author has obtained the information here given to the reader from the newspapers dating from 1788 to 1877, also local histories, congressional debates, and statistics, etc. The book is of general interest and value.

From the same house comes an historical play by D. S. Preston, entitled "Columbus, or a Hero of the New World." The play was written for presentation upon the stage, and received the approval of one of the first actors of the day. For some unknown reason given by the author presents it to the reading public. It is interesting in plot and dramatic in development.

A book bearing the title upon the paper cover of "The Autobiography of a Barrel of Bourbon," and upon the title page "The Confessions of an Imp" comes from George Munro, New York. The author conceals himself under the name of "Old Sleuth." It is, of course, a story showing the evils of intemperance, and is told with a power and force that must carry conviction to the moderate drinkers for whom it is principally intended. The trouble is that these books rarely fall into the hands of those who might be arrested in their evil ways.

Literary Notes.

Prof. Spencer Bayne, one of the editors of the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, is dead.

Cassell & Co. have in press a new book by Anna Bowman Dodd entitled "The Republic of the Future.

Lee & Shepard claim to have made a hit with Dr. Haynes' "Life Notes; or Fifty Years' Outlook."

The Century company paid Messrs. Hay and Nicolay $50,000 for the right to publish their "Life of Lincoln" in the *Century Magazine*.

Brentano's, Chicago, will publish at once a new edition of "For Him; or, A Promise Given and a Promise Kept," by Gipsy.

Upon the completion of his "Life of Christ," in verse, it is announced that Mr. Joaquin Miller will retire permanently from literature.

A philological curiosity has been published in St. Petersburg—a glossary in 100 languages. Of these 70 are spoken in the Russian Empire.

Fedor Dostoieffsk's "Prison Life in Russia," which no one in Russia can read without breaking the law, has been translated into English. It is a terrible but truthful account of the sufferings of the exiles.

Under the title of "Village Types," Julian Hawthorne will present, in *The American Magazine* for August, sketches of the more noted characters that are usually to be found in our small rural communities.

In Weimar recently was announced the discovery of a manuscript containing some 20 scenes of Goethe's "Faust" in prose, which was copied in 1775 by Fraulein von Gochhausen. It is probable that this manuscript will be published at an early day.

In order to avoid mistakes booksellers will do well to bear in mind that "The Life and Times of Jesus, as Related by Thomas Didymus," by James Freeman Clarke, just published by Lee & Shepard, is "The Legend of Thomas Didymus, the Jewish Sceptic," under a new title.

There are 125 authors on Roberts Bros.' list, of whom 75 are women. There are 53 names on Ticknor's list, 80 on Houghton's, and the same number on the Methodist Book Concern's list. In all, 2,590 Boston women are engaged incidentally or actually in literary pursuits.

The fourth volume in Ticknor's paper series is "A Reverend Idol," an agreeable story of the Massachusetts Const. It is said that within a few weeks after the first publication of this novel the sales ran up to many thousands.

Laird & Lee, the Chicago publishers, are first in the field with an edition of Haggard's new book, "Allan Quartermain," which is a sort of sequel to "King Solomon's Mines," and, of course, is full of romantic interest.

Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons announce among their first autumn publications: "The Land of Sleepy Hollow," a series of photogravure representations of the scenes about the home of Washington Irving, together with a reprint of Irving's Legend of Sleepy Hollow, and the Chronicle of Wolfert's Roost. The edition is letterpress, and is limited to 600 copies.

The well-known Norwegian writer, Krogh, the author of the romance "Albertine," has been condemned to pay a fine of 400 kroner, on the ground that certain passages of that romance have been "incriminated as immoral." Nor is this all; the whole unsold remainder of the work on the publisher's shelves, amounting to 3000 copies, has been confiscated by the police.

"A Few English Wayside Birds," as seen by American eyes, will be sketched by Theodore H. Meade, in the *American Magazine* for August. The article will, it is hoped, show that most of the common birds of England are cheery little fellows, with none of the vices of the detested sparrow.

CLEVELAND AND THE FLAGS.

Bob Burdette Thinks the President Might Have Learned Wisdom in a Barnyard.

The longer I live—and I seem to be living a little longer every day of my life—and the more I observe the actions of learned and presumably wise men, the more firmly am I convinced that the highest type of wisdom ever masqueraded in the motley of Folly, and that the best writers on Mental Science and Political Economy are Charles Godfrey Leland and "Josh Billings." President Cleveland never read "Josh Billings." Had he done so he would have grappled to his memory with hooks of steel this bit of homely, priceless wisdom: "The time to set a hen is when the hen is reddy tu set."

The President, in the matter of returning the captured battleflags, has been guilty of the useless folly of trying to compel a hen to set when her mind is far away on the pansy bed, and cool, forbidden scratching places in the kitchen garden, while she regards the nest with only forgetful indifference unless some foolish mortal attempts to drive her upon it, when her indifference develops successively into hesitation, reluctance, protestation, aversion, peremptory refusal, and riotous outbreaking and obstinate rebellion.

Nobody was saying anything about these battleflags. Now and then a company of Union veterans, making a reunion pilgrimage to some old battlefield, carried with them, in a glow of good fellowship and fraternal feeling, a flag captured by them long ago from their then enemy, and were kindly hospitably entertained by him crowned the reunion of old-time friends and foe by returning the flag to the hands that had first unfurled and then so bravely defended it. If the veterans wish to do this no man shall say them nay. In fact, it was rather a pleasant thing for the boys to do when their hearts prompted them to it. They captured the flags; it is right to do with them as they will.

But here comes a man who never captured a flag, who never saw a rebel flag until long after it had been captured; who abode nigh unto the Canada border when there was a chance to go a-gunning after battleflags, it bears the contented monologue of a hen who is foraging through the strawberry bed and occasionally dividing the spoil with the weak, though much oftener with the strong, and mistakes it for the restless "cluck" of a hen moved by promptings of the maternal instinct to brood over a whole nest full of the unsearchable possibilities of eggs whose fruitful harvest may, good wot, dominate the electoral barnyard. He said: "I will go into this obliteration and reconciliation business as a jobber. I will take up that I laid not down; I will gather where I have not strewed and reap where I did not sow. I will weather these flag-returners and be the line ahead of the whole fleet by a clean majority."

Alas for the man who would set a non-"setting" hen, or, finding a willing one, setteth her upon dragon's teeth!

That hen wasn't ready to set, and the mistaken President has crumpled his linen, over-heated himself, impaired his dignity, and filled the air with dust and feathers, and set the whole national barnyard into wild commotion, and the hen which he sought to "set" is perched high on the reel of the old Grant reaper which had been under the shed since 1865, where she makes the farm ring with defiant protests. Even if that hen was half ready to set, President Cleveland isn't the man to "set" her. He hasn't been with her enough. Somehow, she seems to roost high every time he comes around the barn-yard. If she had seen more of him now, say when she was about 25 years younger, it might have been different.

Any man old enough to be President ought to be able to see when a hen wants to set. A hen is such a fool she reminds me of men. And even a President is but a man. See, now; I have a quarrel with my brother, with whom I have lived pleasantly enough ever since our father died, away back at last I "lick" him, take away his marbles, and make him come back into the house and behave himself. I give him the best place at the table, and, by and by, acquiesce when he says it is his turn to run the house. In a moment of good feeling and fraternal love I begin to give back the marbles I took from him. He doesn't ask for them, but I give them to him. I want to do this; it pleases him and makes me feel better. While I am doing this along comes my step-father, who hid himself under the bed all the time we were fighting, and only sent the hired man to represent him—he comes along now and says:

"Sir, you were wrong; you must give you back all the marbles that Abraham took away from you."

Will I take my brother another solitary marble? Not by a long chalk; I'll "lick" my stepfather first. By his ill-timed meddlesome interference in a matter that didn't concern him, he has retarded what he sought to promote.

And finally, brethren, when the hen is ready to set she "sets." All the Presidents from Washington to Mexico can't stop her. If you destroy her nest and lock her out of the hennery, she will set with perfect faith and tireless patience under the sole of an old discarded boot, a bottle neck and a bureau knob. She may even be reduced to the necessity of setting standing up, but she will set. When it comes time to return the battleflags the men who captured them will restore them, and no man who stayed in Buffalo all through the battle-fog season need to feel called upon to tell them when that time arrives. The hen will be apt to know it herself. A man who would tell a hen when it is time for her to "set" would have "gall" enough to tell a man on shipboard that he would come around and tell him when to begin to get seasick.

"The time tu set a hen is when the hen is ready tu set."

Cut that out and paste it in your hat, Mr. President; it may save your second term.

ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

The Young Gentleman of To-Day.

To me the most prominent characteristic of nearly all men of advanced years is their extreme courtesy and gentleness. At the entrance of the Hoffman house, one day, a group of young collegians stood roaring over the recollections of a game of foot-ball that had just been played at the Polo grounds. A man of advanced years, with his head bent slightly forward, as his hands resting lolly in the pockets of his loose sack-coat, strolled along, and bowing with an amiable smile to the men who blocked the way, sought to enter the hotel. One or two of the collegians stared at him and then turned their heads away. He stood there quietly for, a moment, and then, raising his hat said:

"Gentlemen, will you permit me to pass?"

"No one answered for an instant, and then the voice of a lusty quarter-back player was heard from the rear.

"Jimmy," he yelled authoritatively, "step out of the way and give that old man a chance to get in, won't you?"

Jimmy did as he was told, and Mr. James Anthony Froude, with his hand still to his hat, bowed and quietly passed by the group of noisy young men.—*New York Letter.*

Compassionate Thieves.

In the outskirts of Madrid, one cold, wet night, a solitary passer by was attacked by a gang of thieves, who robbed him of all his clothes. "Senores," the victim piteously said, "have a little compassion and leave me something to cover myself with." The thieves stared at one another, and began to relent. "What shall we do?" "Let him have something to wear as he goes home." "What is it to be—his coat?" "Why, it's nearly new." "His waistcoat?" "Nay; it'll fetch ten pesetas if a farthing. I'll tell you what, we'll leave him his umbrella!"

Over-Worked Women.

For "worn-out," "run-down," debilitated school teachers, milliners, seamstresses, housekeepers, and over-worked women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the best of all restorative tonics. It is not a "Cure-all," but admirably fulfills a singleness of purpose, being a most potent Specific for all those Chronic Weaknesses and Diseases peculiar to women. It is a powerful general tonic, and nervine, tonic and nervine, and imparts vigor and strength to the whole system. It promptly cures weakness of stomach, indigestion, bloating, weak back, nervous prostration, debility and sleeplessness, in either sex. Favorite Prescription is sold by druggists under our *positive guarantee.* See wrapper around bottle. Price $1.00 a bottle, or six bottles for $5.00.

A large treatise on Diseases of Women, profusely Illustrated with colored plates and numerous wood-cuts, sent for ten cents in stamps.

Address WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, 663 Main street, Buffalo, N. Y.

A NIGHT OF ADVENTURE.

Buffalo Bill's Own Story as Told by a London Newspaper.

My life has been one of action, and my time more occupied by deeds than words. It is, therefore, with considerable reluctance that I consent to pen these lines to appear in the columns of the *Globe*, not only on account of the numerous claims upon my time, but also on an account of the strong objection ingrained in my composition to talking about myself. I have always had a great horror of self-advertisement, and am of the opinion that those who say the most frequently do the least. I have, however, since my arrival in this country been so very handsomely treated by the English press and the English public that I feel I should ill repay the consideration I have received at their hands were I to refuse the request made to me to jot down a few of the curious adduentures I have been through. Having consented to cast my bashfulness to the winds, and to write something about my humble self, I find I am placed in another difficulty, inasmuch as I am embarrassed at the quantity of material at my command to from which to choose. In the great wild West of America, a region second to none in beauty and variety, men lead lives totally different to those endured in the old cities of the East. Adventures are of daily occurrence. Hairbreadth escapes are taken as a matter of course, and a struggle for life is looked upon merely as an incident in the ordinary run of life. Having lived in this land for something over forty years, and having, moreover, followed various professions, the military among others, it will be understood that so far as matter about which to write is concerned, I have an "embarrass de richesses," I therefore plunge boldly into the depth of memory, and seizing on the first incident at hand, I think I cannot do better than detail an adventure gone through with by me one dark night at Laramie Peak.

I have from earliest infancy been used to the life of the prairie. Riding, trapping, shooting, and fighting, come as second nature to me as I, and in the wild West we think no more of a fifty mile ride through the virgin forest, or over the snow-capped mountain, unattended, and unprotected save by one's own prowess, than does an average Londoner of crossing a road. It was a pretty afternoon some twenty years ago that I mounted my steed and set out from the Horseshoe valley. I was alone and bent on sport, bear by choice, but anyhow sport. I soon got out of sight of the station, and as my horse strode through the underwood I frequently scared up deer, wild turkeys and jack-rabbits. Antelope and deer were every moment passing my trail as I gradually ascended the mountain side, until the country got bleaker and wilder, and the vegetation less marked. Then I knew that I was in a wild sort of place for bear, but still I saw none. In this way I got along, until feeling the pangs of hunger, I shot a bird, and, dismounting, unsaddled my horse, tied him up, and, having built a little fire and cooked the bird, I made a square meal, and fixed myself right away for a couple of hours' siesta. This over, I remounted, and, disappointed at the lack of game, decided to camp out for the night, in hopes of getting better sport the next day. I rode on, therefore, until dusk, for the days were drawing in, and it was dark early, and having found a suitable camping place, I shot a couple of sage-hens for supper and breakfast, and made all snug. I had just tethered my mustang, when was about to light the fire, when I was startled by the sound of a horse whimnying further up the stream. I was very much astonished, for I was in an exceedingly wild country, miles away from camp, and the last place in the world where to expect to find men. I immediately ran to my animal to prevent his answering the sound, and pondering over it concluded that there must be some Indians camping near by. I was very anxious to find out who the owner of the strange horse was, and that, if possible, without letting him know of my presence. I therefore took my gun and made on foot for the spot. Judge my surprise, when having descended a few hundred yards, at seeing over a dozen horses grazing.

I was evidently in the neighborhood of a large party, and soon discovered their whereabouts by a ray of light streaming from the bank close by. I carefully crept up to the spot and found that the light came from a dug-out on the mountain side. I listened and heard voices, and soon distinguished language which told me that the inhabitants, whoever they were, were whites and not Indians. They were evidently a party of trappers; so, thinking I would make their acquaintance, I boldly walked up to the door and knocked loudly.

I heard a muttering, as of whispered consultation, and then a gruff voice called out, "Who's there?"

"A white man and a friend," I replied, and without more ado the door was opened by a great hulking fellow, who bade me enter in tones none too curteous.

I entered the dug-out and gazed upon eight of the most villainous looking men it has ever been my lot to see. I recognized two immediately as having been discharged some months back from their employment for horse-stealing, and they had also been charged with murder. The rest were strangers to me, but I soon saw that they were well united to one another. They were evidently a band of horse-thieves and desperadoes, the curse of the country and a danger to every honest man. I was speedily put through my paces.

"Where are you going, young man, and who is with you?" demanded he who seemed to be the chief.

"I am entirely alone. I left Horseshoe station this morning for a bear hunt, and not finding any bears determined to camp out for the night and wait till to-morrow, and was just turning in when I heard your horse whinnying, and so came up to your camp to see if there were any pals of mine about."

This answer was evidently regarded as not entirely satisfactory. "Where's your horse?" demanded the chief. "I left him down the creek," answered.

The men immediately proposed going to fetch the animal, but I saw at once that this would never do. I would be then entirely in their hands, and could not do much against eight, so, not liking the idea of their fetching my horse and so cutting off my only means of escape, I proposed to fetch it myself. "I'll leave my gun here," I said, "and will bring up the horse." This did not, however, suit the gentlemen. "Jim and I will go with you after your horse," said the leader, "but you can leave your gun here just the same." It would have been idle to resist, so, cheerfully saying "All right," I put down my double-barrel and followed my ruffianly leaders.

We went down the creek in the dark. There was no moon, and it was hard to see where we were putting our feet. At length we reached the horse, when one of the men unhitched the rein, and said, "I'll lead him." "Very well," I said, "lead on."

I picked up the sage-hens I had shot. We turned and retraced our steps, the thieves leading my horse and I following in the rear. My plan of escape had failed, and things began to look ugly. I suddenly resolved to fight for my freedom. I had two revolvers with me, the men not having taken the trouble to search me—as yet. It was pitch dark. I purposely dropped one of the sage-hens I was carrying, and asked the man next to me to pick it up. He stooped and began to feel for it on the ground, when I quickly drew my Colt and struck him a tremendous blow on the back of the head, knocking him senseless to the ground. I then rapidly turned round, and saw that the man in front had heard the sound of the fall and had turned to see what was the matter, his hand upon his revolver. We faced each other simultaneously, and before he had time to fire I shot him dead through the head. Then jumping on my horse I made tracks through the darkness as well as the rough ground would allow.

The other outlaws, on hearing the shot, however, heard the shot, and guessing that there was trouble, they all came rushing down the creek, and following the sound of my horse's feet, gave me chase. It was a ride for life, and I spared not my horse. The ground was rough and hard, and my hunters were gaining on me, when I heard them firing at random, then their voices as they crept on to me. The game was up; I had but one chance of escaping with a whole skin. Leaping off my horse, I gave him a hard slap, sending him careering off along the valley, while I rapidly took to the underwood, just as my pursuers rushed by in hot haste, believing that I was still on the back of my horse they heard clattering down the ravine.

I passed that night in the open air, and at early dawn tramped, footsore and weary, and played out, to the nearest station, some twelve miles off, where I told the story. We formed a party and rode to the dug-out to interview my comrades of the previous night but to no purpose. The dug-out was deserted as though it had never been the habitation of man, and the only trace of human handiwork to be seen was a newly closed grave.—*London Globe.*

IT WON'T BAKE BREAD.—In other words, Hood's Sarsaparilla will not do impossibilities. Its proprietors tell plainly what it has done, submit proofs from sources of unquestioned reliability, and ask you frankly if you are suffering from any disease or affection caused or promoted by impure blood or low state of the system, to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. The experience of others is sufficient assurance that you will not be disappointed in the result.

THE RARA AVIS.

A Jolly Girl Who is Jolly Under All Circumstances.

Harper's Bazar.

The jolly girl is born, not made; no training or endeavor can counterfeit her. There are those who affect jollity, but it is only skin deep. The jolly girl under adverse circumstances—in bad weather; when she hasn't a cent to her name; when she has the toothache; when she has lost her situation; when she breaks her needle; when her back hair tumbles down in public, when she is shopping; when her masculine neighbor at the theater goes out, and when he returns; when her bills are due, never seems to indulge in that feminine luxury, "the blues," and it is a mistake to suppose that she is noisy; there is jollity of the lady-like, aristocratic sort as well as of the fish-wife order. The girl who makes up her mind that jollity is the proper cue, and that she will be lively or die, usually overdoes the business; she thinks that it chiefly consists in laughing and in chattering nonsense, that it is a manner of speech merely rather than a quality of the mind, which disposes one to make the best of everything, to see the rainbow on the cloud and the silver lining behind it, to make the wrinkle in the rose leaf a cause for mirth. Some of the subjects of her strictures were, strange to say, her own ducklings, who, she declared, walked "like camels." Beautiful in face and form, elegant in manners, intelligent and cultivated, the whole was spoiled because they would "hold their elbows to their sides and wriggle themselves forward in a fashion that would be most painful to assume unless one is not aware of all so accustomed to this method of locomotion that we have almost come to regard it as the normal one." In one sense it is normal, for the restrictive mode of dressing has been continued so long, that women have come to have a hitch in their walk naturally, visible even in very young girls. The wish of this mother that walking schools should be established just as dancing schools are, if it could be accomplished, and combined with the dress reform, would be a good thing.

AND for boys as well as girls, for in spite of their comparative freedom in the way of clothing, there are few men who walk well. The best are those who have had military training, and been, not only taught, but compelled to stand erect with shoulders thrown back so that the backbone maintains its perpendicular. The most stoop a little, one shoulder is higher than the other, one is bow-legged, or they have a way of dragging one foot after the other in a shambling, shuffling sort of way that is anything save graceful. It comes from a lack care in youth. Awkward habits are formed and never broken. Minds are trained and hands are taught skill in various ways, but the matter of walking well is left to chance merely because it is one of the things that nature is supposed to teach everybody to do. She teaches everybody to eat, too, but parents are obliged to give their children many lessons in table manners, in order that they may conduct themselves properly. Why should they not be taught to walk well?

SOME one has been comparing Mrs. Langtry with Sara Bernhardt in the matter of grace and beauty of movement, and pronounces decidedly in favor of the latter, declaring it all comes from the fact that she has never worn stays. The writer is a man, because his words are spoken from that lofty summit of superiority which he always mounts when talking about the woman-destroying corset. Much of the masculine talks of this article and the way it is worn is a chestnut, so old it is decayed. The truth is, very few women wear these abominations drawn tightly as of yore. The days when the corset lacers were made by the dozen are past. In order to draw the waist into the smallest possible compass are long since past. Women have learned and have taught their daughters, that there is no beauty in wasp waists, sallow cheeks, white lips and lack luster eyes. They wear the corset still, but loosely, and very soon it will be relegated into the limbo of the past where it must remain, unless resurrected by the masculine dude for further use.

THE salad-server has made a discovery. It is of an individual who not only looked cool, but actually felt cool for five minutes without once remarking upon the upward tendency which the mercury has been exhibiting for the past week or two. Everybody else seen during the time occupied in walking several squares and visiting several stores and been mopping their faces or looking as if just the finishing touch to the infernal regions. A little inquiry indulged in, developed the fact that the comfortable looking individual was a convert to the mind cure. Believing that suffering was largely in the mind the next step was to resolve *not* to suffer, and the result was this calm, equable appearance, the index of a tranquil spirit.

WITHOUT attempting to enter into a discussion of the philosophy of the cure, it is certain that the constant dwelling upon an uncomfortable state of things simply intensifies the discomfort. Starting out in the morning with the idea that it is "hot" to a degree only to be expressed in emphatic and sulphurous superlatives, repeating the idea to everybody met, keeping it constantly present whatever work or pleasure is engaged in, and before the day is over you have crowded into its hours an amount of suffering that will tax the endurance to the utmost.

KEEP the mind cool. Put your thoughts upon something besides the temperature. Don't talk about it. Avoid hurry as much as possible. Walk upon the shady side of the street when business will allow you to do so. Do not worry because you cannot accomplish as much work as you are in the habit of doing. Worry will heat your brains, and you will do still less. There is a great deal in preserving a tranquil spirit in hot weather, more than people generally imagine. Resolution will work wonders in that direction. Try it.

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Red-Headed Girls and White Horses.

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"What do you mean?" he was asked.

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"Where's your white horse now?" asked the reporter.

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OUR WEEKLY SALAD.

IT will interest a good many to know that Mrs. Lillie Devereux Blake, who has a national reputation as a speaker upon labor, temperance and woman suffrage reforms, and who is to talk in Dr. Bacon's church next Tuesday evening, is a neice of Leonidas Polk, the so-called fighting confederate bishop in the late war. Her parents, however, were abolitionists of North Carolina, who manumitted their slaves years before the war. The nurse of her babyhood was Mrs. Copland, the mother of the follower of John Brown, who was executed some days after the death of that hero. The old colored woman still lives in Oberlin, where Mrs. Blake had a very interesting meeting with her some weeks since. Mrs. Blake is a lady of rare social grace. As a member of the Episcopal church she is celebrated as successfully controverting from their own standpoint, clergymen of her own faith, who preached the subjection of women, taking the Bible for her gauntlet. The next subject of her lecture next Tuesday evening is "The Progress of Freedom," and as it is without money and without price, so far as the audience is concerned, the house should be full, and the salad-server earnestly hopes it will be.

A BOSTON mother recently expressed herself emphatically upon the way girls walk now-a-days. The subjects of her strictures were, strange to say, her own ducklings, who, she declared, walked "like camels." Beautiful in face and form, elegant in manners, intelligent and cultivated, the whole was spoiled because they would "hold their elbows to their sides and wriggle themselves forward in a fashion that would be most painful to assume unless one is not aware of all so accustomed to this method of locomotion that we have almost come to regard it as the normal one." In one sense it is normal, for the restrictive mode of dressing has been continued so long, that women have come to have a hitch in their walk naturally, visible even in very young girls. The wish of this mother that walking schools should be established just as dancing schools are, if it could be accomplished, and combined with the dress reform, would be a good thing.

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The Camp Fire.

(Contributions from the old soldiers are earnestly solicited by the editor of the CAMP FIRE. No matter if you cannot write a lengthy history of your lives, for we much prefer short, lively sketches, personal and historical. All communications will be attended to, and no contributor will be overlooked. We do not want anything from the records, as we are supplied with a full set.]

For the BLADE.

THE TROPHIES OF THE WAR.

J. M. ANDREWS.

Who, but he, would give them back,
The trophies of the blood red field,
Whose craven heart did courage lack,
When loud for help the North appealed?

Who, but he, with biased thought,
Did veto every pension bill
In justice to the veterans brought,
And sanctioned by Congressional will?

We can forgive, but can't forget
The gory field, the rebel yell,
The prison bells, with bloodhounds set,
The dead-line, where starved comrades fell.

From Riverside methinks I hear,
Where Hudson's waves their requiems chant,
Grand, well, grand well, your trophies dear,
Breaks forth from the immortal Grant.

And Appomattox floats on the ear
To remind us of the grand result;
Your trophies keep, no trucklers fear;
Hurl back with pride the gross insult.

Be just and true, ye veterans brave,
Grants now that calmly sleep,
Who died, the nation's life to save—
For them those trophies proudly keep.
Cadiz, N. Y.

Fragments from the Field.

R. L. Notson, of Hamburg, Ia., requests us to publish "Sheridan's Ride." We will comply in one of our succeeding issues.

Mrs. E. E. Cody, of Turner, Marion Co., Oregon, would like to hear from the comrades of her dead husband, Edward Cody, who was a member of Co. G, 187th O. V. I.

Mrs. Rosa Marquis, Chattanooga, Tenn., writes to the CAMP FIRE to know if some old soldier will not send to the BLADE the address "Mom's Comments on Saul," which her husband, now dead, prized very highly. Unfortunately she has lost her last copy.

Looking for Aid.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—I have read with varied interest your CAMP FIRE department for months, and often thought to add something to the flames; but not until reading Comrade Banner's confession in the BLADE of May 26 did I bring this desire into action. Comrade B., like the true prodigal, "came to himself," after feeding for many months on the unpalatable "husks," and did the wise thing. We may often fail in getting what we think we ought to have, and have a right to expect of our friends, but it is merely the height of folly to go to the enemies and the unsympathizing in our cause to obtain the same satisfaction. The unanimity with which the Republican minority in the last Congress stood by the boys in blue is good evidence to me that they plainly see their mistake in not fulfilling their pledges to the rights and just demands of the nation's defenders, and that if again placed in power, will speedily afford the much merited and needed relief. I had the fortune to occupy the very humble position of a private of Co. B, 16th regt., O. V. I. from September

Question Bureau.

1. The true name and postoffice address must be given in all cases, but, when specially requested they will not be published.

2. No attention will be paid to mathematical problems, questions of grammatical construction, or inquiries regarding the reliability of individuals, firms or corporations.

3. Communications for this department must be written on a separate sheet, directed to the "Question Bureau," and contain not more than three questions. Do not ask a question and then proceed to argue it. If we can answer it and it is considered of general interest, it will be answered. It is useless to request an answer in the "next issue." The Question Bureau is always full, and we are usually two or three weeks behind.

4. This department is not intended to settle party disputes or decide bets. Replies to questions are intended to be of general interest, and no one has the right to DEMAND a reply. Do not request an answer by mail.

5. No question will receive the SLIGHTEST attention unless the first and third rules above are STRICTLY complied with

Romulus and Remus—Standing Armies of the World.

D. B. L., Lincoln, Kan.:

1. Please tell all you can about Romulus and Remus? 2. Give the number of men in each of the standing armies of Europe and America?

1. Romulus, the mythical founder of the city of Rome, is said to be regarded rather as a symbolical representation of the Roman people than as an actual individual. We will relate the story of Romulus as it is usually given. At Alba Longa, in Latium, there had ruled a line of kings descended from the Trojan prince Aeneas. One of these, at his death, left the kingdom to his eldest son, Numitor. Amulius, a younger brother of Numitor, deprived the latter of the sovereignty, murdered his only son, and compelled his daughter, Silvia, to become a vestal virgin, but Silvia having become the mother of twins by the god Mars, he resolved to drown all. The children, Romulus and Remus, were thrown into the cradle containing the babes was carried into the Tiber. The cradle was stranded at the foot of the Palatine, and the infants thus wonderfully saved from death by drowning were in less wonderful way saved from death by hunger. A she-wolf suckled them, while a woodpecker brought them whatever other food they wanted. This marvelous spectacle was at length beheld by Faustulus, who bore the children home to his wife, Larentia, and reared and brought them up with his own children. Romulus and Remus, although acknowledged by Numitor, did not care to remain in Alba Longa. They loved their old abode on the banks of the Tiber, and resolved to build a city there. There Palatine was chosen (by augury) for the site, and Romulus yoking a white bull and a heifer to a plowshare, marked out the boundary on which the city was credited. Remus, in contempt, leaped over it. Romulus laughed at the idea of keeping off enemies by such means, and, to show its inefficiency, scornfully leaped over it, whereupon Romulus slew him, but was immediately struck with remorse, and could only restrain himself until he had appeased the shade of his brother by instituting the *Lemuria*, or festival for the souls of the departed.

The next thing which Romulus did was to erect a "sanctuary" on the Capitoline for fugitives, slaves, homicides, and by this means he soon increased the number of his followers; but as wives were wanted, Romulus tried to obtain their loyalty from the neighboring states. His efforts, however, failed, and he therefore had recourse to stratagem. After a reign of thirty-seven years Romulus was miraculously removed from earth, and promised to watch over Rome as their guardian under the name of Quirinus. The festival of the Quirinalia (February 17) was instituted in his honor. (2)

Country.	Peace Footing.	War Footing.
Austria-Hungary	206,218	1,021,000
Argentine Republic	3,283	28,150
Belgium	46,277	103,683
Bolivia	4,022	20,000
Brazil	16,500	32,000
Canada	3,606	655,000
Chili	3,516	28,278
China	700,000	1,260,000
Colombia	2,000	30,000
Denmark	35,703	50,000
Egypt	17,870	125,000
France	470,660	1,750,000
Germany	419,959	1,034,524
Great Britain	135,720	570,561
Greece	12,597	20,000
India (British)	58,170	144,700
Italy	199,577	867,509
Japan	35,380	50,240
Luxemburg	513	.....
Mexico	22,387	.....
Netherlands	61,802	160,000
Norway	12,750	18,000
Persia	28,400	108,500
Peru	13,200	70,000
Portugal	31,254	75,000
Roumania	130,158	144,668
Russia	787,900	1,671,674
Servia	14,100	150,000
Spain	32,000	400,000
Sweden	36,495	156,970
Switzerland	106,102	203,262
Turkey	157,667	618,100
United States	24,689	3,759,693
Uruguay	2,797	24,000
Venezuela	5,494	88,000

Westminster General Assembly.

Q. M. Hassock, New Bethlehem, Pa.:

Please give a short sketch of the Westminster general assembly; by whom it was called; for what purpose; in what year; how long it was in session, and any other information you chose?

Westminster assembly of Divines was a convocation called by the long parliament, June 12, 1643, by an ordinance of the lords and commons in parliament for the calling of an assembly of learned and Godly divines, and others, to be consulted with by the parliament for the settlement of the government and liturgy, and for clearing and vindicating the doctrine of said church of England from false aspersions and interpretations. The king, then at open war with the parliament, disallowed the assembly, and forbade any of his loyal subjects to attend it. Parliament called to it 121 sixty-eight clergymen, from all the shires, and ten members of the house of lords and twenty of the commons were deputed to attend its sessions. The general synod of Scotland sent six ministers and three ruling elders as commissioners, who also sat with the assembly. Of those called by parliament, about twenty were of the Episcopal church of England, and these, after the king's proclamation forbidding the assembly, withdrew from its sessions. The assembly was simply a company of divines and others called together to advise Parliament in respect to ecclesiastical affairs, and was without any power of standing as authority. The first meeting of the assembly took place about the first of July, and was opened with a sermon by Dr. William Twisse, who had been named as prolocutor, after which the assembly was formally constituted in the church of Henry VII. At first of all devoted its attention to the revisal of the articles of the Church of England, which, however, after the arrival of the Scotch commissioner September 15, was laid aside. "The solemn league and covenant, which had been adopted in Scotland was submitted to the assembly by the Scotch commissioners and accepted by the former, and soon after was also subscribed by both houses of parliament. By this the parties bound themselves to seek for a closer union and more complete conformity of the churches of the two kingdoms. The personal component was somewhat remodeled both in rank and learning. Among the ten lords who sat with the assembly were Edward, Earl of Manchester, and William, Lord Viscount Day head, both of them inclined to presbyterian dependence. Of the twenty commoners, the most distinguished was Selden, "a prodigity of learning, especially oriental literature and the whole circle of legal science, and a man of unquestioned moral and religious character," and after were Pyne and St. John and Whitelock and Vanes, father and son, all of these remarkable men. Of the individual divines after Dr. Swisse, next came Mr. Charles Herle, who at length succeeded him as prolocutor, Lightfoot, Gataker, Reynolds, Calamy, Coleman, Gataker and Vines, all eminent and distinguished men. Scotland sent Alexander Henderson, who probably more than any other shaped the action of the assembly, and Gillespie, Rutherford and Baillei. At the first meeting of the assembly it contained many, perhaps a majority, who favored a moderate episcopacy; but as the king had disallowed the assembly it soon strongly inclined to the idea of church polity withdrew, while most of the others passed over to other parties, though Selden to the last declared in favor of that form of polity. There was a strong Erastian element in the assembly from the first, to which the Scotch commissioners gave all their influence, and many prominent members of the Commons, including both Hampden and Pym, favored it. The Independents were not numerous but comprised some of the strong men of the body, led by Goodwin. It was also favored by Cromwell and the army. The Erastians were scarcely more numerous, but of that party were Lightfoot and Coleman, Selden, Whitelock, and St. John, each a tower of strength in himself, and behind these were nearly the whole parliament. Soon after their first meeting the assembly petitioned parliament that a fast might be proclaimed, complaining that many and grave evils still remained in the church, and specifying "the venting of false doctrines," which should be "speedily suppressed." The request was accordingly appointed, and at length became established as a monthly observance and the pulpits of London and Westminster against heresies, Antinomianism, Arminianism the worst of the kind, and John Goodwin was named as a chief offender. Another petition asked for a speedy and thorough protection against blind guides and scandalous ministers, in response to which a large number of ministers, variously estimated at from 500 to 1,000, were ejected; many of them notoriously incompetent and immoral, though to favor episcopacy or to be suspected of Arminianism was equally certain to lead to the same results. The monthly fasts, which were sometimes made weekly, were held by order of parliament and were strictly observed by both lords and commons with the utmost rigor. Nearly the whole population were present at religious services. The leading prayer, before the sermon, was often an hour in its delivery, the sermon of equal or greater length, and the concluding prayer but little shorter. Here were usually two services each day; the congregation would assemble at 8 or 9 o'clock a. m., and remain in their places throughout the day. The matters presented in these prayers and sermons were, for the most part, confessions of the sins of the people in the prayers, with the utmost fullness of details, and deprecation of the divine wrath, and in the sermons the most terrible denunciations of the prevailing ungodliness, heresy and unbelief. It was chiefly through these fast day exercises that the public mind was kept in sympathy with the spirit that reigned in the assembly and parliament. Having abandoned the revisal of the articles of the church of England, the assembly, as directed by parliament, first devoted its care to the ordaining of a form of a church government, to take the place of that by archbishop, bishop, etc., which it resolved to take away. It was, however, much easier to sweep away the old order of discipline than among so many diverse parties, to set up another, and only a temporary arrangement, by which Presbyterian ordination was authorized, till further arrangements could be made, was at all agreed upon; but to guard against abuses, it was ordered by Parliament "that if any person do publicly preach, or otherwise exercise any ministerial office, who shall not be ordained, or thereunto allowed by seven of the said ministers named, their names shall be returned to both houses of Parliament to be dealt with as they in their wisdom shall deem fit." Respecting these things, Mr. Neal, the historian of the assembly said: "The ancient order of worship and disciple in the Church of England was set aside about twelve months before any other form was appointed, during which time no wonder sects and divisions arrived to such a pitch that it was not in their power afterwards to destroy them. Committees, indeed were appointed to prepare materials for the debate, some for principle, and others for worship, which was debated in order and laid aside without being perfected or sent up to parliament to be framed into a law." At length, however, a form of church government, after the model of the church of Scotland, was adopted by the Presbyterian majority of the assembly, against the strenuous resistance of the Independent and Erastians; but it failed to secure the sanction of the Parliament. The next business taken in hand by the assembly was the preparation of a directory for the public worship of God, after the manner of the Church of England, they say, "long and sad experience hath made it manifest that the liturgy used in the Church of England has proved an offense, not only to the many of the Godly in this kingdom, but to the reformed churches abroad." They also charge that it has provoked dissent, alienated many good and pious ministers, confirmed many persons in the love of popery, and exposed others to the scandal that the whole church would again revert to the Pope. Upon these considerations they declare: "We have resolved to lay aside the former liturgy, with the many rites and ceremonies observed in the use thereof in the worship of God, and agreed upon the following directory for all parts of public worship. This form, with various modifications, is the form of worship still used in most Presbyterian churches. It is not only in the doctrinal charter of the Presbyterian churches, and also the Cambridge and Saybrook platforms, and in fact of the principal evangelical Calvinists. The catechisms, embodying the doctrine of the confession, were prepared at the same time. After this work the parliament at the assembly grew less and finally disappeared.

Trial by Jury.

J. B. Watson, Urbana, O.:

Will the BLADE publish something about trial by jury, when inaugurated, and in use in the different states?

It is generally understood that the form of trial by jury is derived from the Greeks and Romans. In the ancient city of Athens a number of freemen of that city were annually appointed, usually several thousands, from whom were selected by lot a certain number for every case to be tried at law, to hear and determine the questions that might arise in the case, under the direction of a presiding magistrate. In Rome a similar system was adopted. There, the complainant in the case came before the prætor and stated his grievance; the defendant made reply, and the prætor then referred the case to the judices to determine the facts. No specific number of these judices was required. The Romans always introduced their laws and institutions into the provinces, and there is evidence that their mode of judicial procedure was established among the Britons. The Saxons had another form, called the trial by compurgation. In this each party to a suit appeared with certain of his friends, and they sworn with him to the justice of his cause. Usually the number of compurgators was six on each side, and it is supposed that the number of the jury was thus fixed at twelve. But the Norman trial by jury form of trial by compurgation much more like that of modern times than any legal usage of the Saxons, that historians ascribe the origin of the institution as found in England to the establishment of Norman law by William the Conquerer. That the Saxon trial by compurgation was in a measure grafted upon the Norman usage is shown by the fact that jurors were originally chosen from those who had personal knowledge of a case, and they rendered their verdict according to their personal knowledge. Witnesses were first brought in to aid the jury during the reign of Henry III. It not until the reign of Queen Anne was it distinctly provided by law that those who had evidence to give, must be sworn as witnesses and could not serve as jurors. From England the form of trial by jury was brought to this country by the settlers, and regarded as one of their most valued institutions. It was in general use during the colonial period and is protected by mention in the federal constitution and in the constitutions of most states. In Scotland the jury seems to have been established at a very early date, but it was soon after discontinued in civil cases. The Scotch jury has always consisted of fifteen, a majority of whom may render a verdict. The jury trial was also reintroduced into the country in the time of George III. Nine of the twelve jurors may there render a verdict, and if the majority can not agree upon a verdict within six hours they are discharged. In Ireland the jury is substantially the same as in England, but the repression-of-crime bill passed in 1882 provided for the trial of certain cases without juries. In France trial by jury in all criminal cases was established in 1790, but now a jury is not granted except in cases of felony. A majority of the jurors can render a verdict. There is no grand jury, and civil cases are not tried before a jury at all. In Germany trial by jury in criminal cases was introduced early in the century. It was established in Prussia in 1819, and again by the constitution of 1848, but political offenses were withdrawn from the cognizance of juries. The system also adopted by Bavaria and Hesse in 1848, by Wurtemberg and Baden in 1849, and by Austria in 1850. In Belgium the jury has existed since the country separated from Holland, and includes in its operation the trial of political offenses and those of the press. In Switzerland all crimes against the confederation are to be tried by jury, and for other crimes each canton has its own machinery, the jury being in use for criminal cases, of course, established in all the colonies of Great Britain. It is also in use in the South American republics. It was introduced into Greece in 1834, and was established in Portugal in 1837. It has also been introduced in recent times into Italy, into Brazil, and finally into Russia, where the first trial by jury was held August 8, 1866, and in each of these last named countries a verdict can be rendered by the majority. In Russia where trial by jury does not exist the judge both decides the case and awards the punishment.

Wars of the Roses.

John G. Smith, Andersonville, Ga.:

Will the BLADE kindly tell me something about the "Wars of the Roses"; where they were fought, and why called the "Wars of the Roses?"

The "Wars of the Roses" was the name given to a civil war in England during the fifteenth century, which may be said to have begin with the first battle of St Albans in 1455, and to have ended with the battle of Bosworth Field in 1485, though during this period of 30 years there were long intervals of peace. The origin of the name of these wars was the badges worn by the representatives of the rival houses of York and Lancaster, the Yorks wearing the white rose and the Lancastrians the red rose. The house of York was descended from the second son of Edward III., and therefore had a better claim to the throne than the house of Lancaster, which was descended from the fourth son of the same king. But Henry, duke of Lancaster, had arbitrarily transmitted the crown in 1399, not only dethroning the rightful king, Richard II., but displacing all claimants whose rights were paramount to his own. The usurpation was submitted to, for the sake of peace, and that the descendants of Henry IV. continued to show the ability displayed by that monarch and his son Henry V., the Lancastrian branch might have held power indefinitely. His grandson, however, Henry VI. proved to be so feeble minded and of character that abundant opportunity was given to the powerful nobles to plot his downfall. Richard, Duke of York, the presumptive heir to the throne, as the king for some years after his marriage remained childless, had united himself by marriage with the Nevilles, one of the most powerful families of nobles in the kingdom, and had won to his side many other families of influence. When, therefore, his 'Salisbury occasion was cut off by the birth of a young prince in 1453, the disaffected nobles thought it time to combine for a change of dynasty. King Henry had been reduced by illness to a condition of imbecility, and York was made protector of the kingdom, but the king upon his recovery resumed power, and so gave excuse by acts of tyranny for a revolt of the nobles. The duke of York defeated the king at St. Albans, May 22, 1455, and was won by the Yorkists or party of the white rose. The king was now in their power, and York was made protector again. The queen would not submit to these compromises, and herself raised an army to defend the claims of her infant son, and war began again in 1459. After the battle of Northampton, July 10, 1460, it was arranged that Henry should remain king for life, but that York should succeed him. Queen Margaret resisted, and December 30, following, defeated the Yorkists at Wakefield. Here the Duke of York and many of his supporters were killed. The Yorkist claim now passed to the duke's eldest son, Edward, a youth of only 19 years of age, but possessed of remarkable intellectual powers. He overcame Lancastrian troops in two minor battles, then went to London, where he was proclaimed king March 4, 1461. March 29 the battle of Towton—one of the most bloody conflicts ever fought on English soil—resulted in a victory for York. Two years later Queen Margaret returned the contest with aid from Scotland and France, but was beaten at Hexham, May 15, 1464, and poor old King Henry fell into his rival's hands and was imprisoned in the tower. The Yorkers were firmly established in power, and they marveled among themselves; the powerful Neville family, headed by the Earl of Warwick, rebelled, and fleeing to France, joined the party of Queen Margaret. Invading England with an army they inaugurated another War of the Roses. At the battle of Barnet, however, April 14, 1471, the Lancastrians were defeated and Warwick was killed. At Tewksbury, May 3, Queen Margaret and her young son were taken prisoners; the prince was killed and the queen imprisoned in the tower, where the poor old king died soon after, it was thought by violence. The White Roses now held compara tively undisturbed possession of power for twelve years. King Edward, dying in 1483, left two young sons, both of whom their uncle, the Duke of Gloucester, had murdered, in order that he might himself seize and hold the regal power. Richard's many evil deeds so roused general indignation that a party was formed for the purpose of deposing him and putting the sion of power for him was also subscribed by both houses of parliament. By this the parties bound themselves to seek for a closer union and more complete conformity of the churches of the two kingdoms. The personal component was somewhat remodeled both in rank and learning. Among the ten lords who sat with the assembly were Edward, Earl of Manchester, and William, Lord Viscount Day head, both of them inclined to presbyterian dependence. Of the twenty commoners, the most distinguished was Selden, "a prodigity of learning, especially oriental literature and the whole circle of legal science, and a man of unquestioned moral and religious character," and after were Pyne and St. John and Whitelock and Vanes, father and son, all of these remarkable men. Of the individual divines after Dr. Swisse, next came Mr. Charles Herle, who at length succeeded him as prolocutor, Lightfoot, Gataker, Reynolds, Calamy, Coleman, Gataker and Vines, all eminent and distinguished men. Scotland sent Alexander Henderson, who probably more than any other shaped the action of the assembly, and Gillespie, Rutherford and Baillei. 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A TAILOR TALE.

How a Pretty Girl Won the Man of Her Choice.

There was once a tailor who had a beautiful daughter. All the young men from far and near came to visit her because of her beauty. Two rivals sought her one day and said:

"What do you want of men?" she replied, smiling.

"We love you," returned the two young men, "and each of us wishes to marry you."

The maiden, being well brought up, called her father, who listened to the two lovers and than said: "It is late; go home now, and you shall then know which of you may have my daughter."

At daybreak the next morning the two young men returned. "Here we are," they cried to the tailor, "remember what you promised yesterday"

"Wait a little," he replied. "I am going to town to buy a piece of cloth. When I return home with it you shall learn what I expect of you."

When the tailor returned from town he called his daughter, and on her appearance he said to the young men: "My children, there are two of you, and I have but one daughter. To whom shall I give her? Whom must I refuse? Behold this piece of cloth; I will cut from it two suits of clothes exactly alike; each one of you must sew one of them; he who finishes his task first shall have my daughter."

Each of the rivals took his task and set about it. The father called his daughter and said to her: "Here is the thread; make it ready for the workers."

The maiden obeyed her father, and taking the bundle of thread seated herself near the young men. But she was as clever as she was beautiful; though her father did not know which of the young men she loved best, nor the young men themselves, she knew well enough. The tailor went away; the maiden prepared the thread; the young men took their needles and began to sew. The one she loved the beauty gave short needlefuls, but to the other she did not love she gave long needlefuls. They sewed and sewed, in eager haste. At 11 o'clock the work was not half done, but at 3 o'clock the young man who had short needlefuls had completed his task, while the other had much to do.

When the unfortunated the conqueror brought to him the completed suit, while his rival still sat sewing.

"My children," said the father, "I did not wish to favor one more than another, that was why I divided the cloth into two equal parts and told you, 'He who finished the task first shall have my daughter.' Did you understand me?"

"Father, replied the two young men, "we understood you and accepted the test; what must be, must."

The tailor had reasoned thus: "He who finished first will be the most skillful workman, and consequently better able to support a wife;" but he never imagined that his daughter would give long needlefuls to the man she did not wish to marry. Cleverness carried the day, and the maiden really chose her own husband.

A STUPID BRUTE.

The Horse Not An Intelligent Animal By Any Means.

Intelligent? That's the mistake nearly everybody makes. A horse is an idiot, sir, a downright idiot. I beg your pardon, I believe me. Well, I'll take try to explain myself. It seems daring like, to say that a horse is the stupidest animal in existence, but it's true. If people only knew it, as those who have much to do with them find out, it would save a deal of bother. Now, think of the horse. He's a noble-looking animal to Granted, but he does he ever do that shows he has anything like sense? In the first place, he has not a good memory. Wouldn't you think that a horse would come to know that when he's cleaned and groomed and harnessed, or saddled, that he was expected to go somewhere and do something? Well, if left alone for half an hour he's sure to go to his stable. Where's his memory? In the manger and in the hay rack. If he shies at an object on the road once, the chances are a thousand to one that he'll shy at the same object upon the same road every time he comes near it. If the roads are slippery, what does he do? Spread out his four feet in order to balance himself? Not a bit of it. He begins to dance about on two. He'll half strangle himself with his halter one day, forget all about it, and try to do the same thing every day. He hurts himself in all manner of ways through his own stupidity, and never learns by experience. He'll open the door of a loose box by cunning, but all he does when he gets free is to get into mischief. He'll cut himself by hitting against bristling, but never seems to find out the way to avoid it. He'll run away, and if he isn't stopped he's sure to do himself some serious harm, after doing all the injury to others he possibly can. He doesn't remember those who have been kind to him, beyond where he got a lump of sugar or an apple. Ask a circus man about a horse's intelligence, and he'll laugh at the question and tell you that he has no memory except to do a bad turn to any one they don't like. The horse is awkward because he's stupid. Many a time I've had my foot trodden on by my own beast, and many a painful up has he given me with his teeth, without probably intending to hurt me. Intelligent? No, sir, he's too stupid to take care of himself."—*New York Horseman.*

Put His New Suit in the Ice Chest.

A veracious chronicler gets off the following about a well known merchant:

The latter one morning intended to dress up to go to a meeting, and went to the bureau to get a nobby suit with which to make a distinguished appearance. The drawer was empty and two first class suits were missing. He thought he would go and buy a new suit, traded them off for china images; his second, that he might have come home without clothes after being at lodge meetings, and his third, that thieves had been in the house. Inquiries resulted in no information and he started off to inform the police when his wife said: "Say, Tom, what was it that you were putting into the ice chest that Sunday morning two or three weeks ago, when I asked you if you were hiding your money?"

Tom colored up instantly, and with a "Well, I'll be darned," rushed out of the house into the store. He dashed at the ice chest and tore it open, and then diving down under the ice shoves, vanished out the two suits, dripping wet, mouldy and ruined and with the latest styles frozen up.

He did immediately load thinking in several different languages as he contemplated his ruined suits, and told his wife that he had placed them in the chest before they began to use it for the season, thinking that they would be handy to pass out when the man who cleans his clothes happened to call. He had forgotten that they were there, and since the hot weather had come they had remained under the great chunks of ice which were regularly dumped in upon them.

"Master's Eyes Are Worth Both His Hands."

There is an old proverb that "the master's eyes are worth both his hands." A free translation of this, according to a well known writer, means that unremitting personal supervision, constant vigilance to one's duties is much more to insure good fortune than almost any other trait of character. No confidential clerk should be more intimately acquainted with the management and condition of the concern than the principal. In large businesses or enterprises details must, of course, be left to subordinates, and special attention to the partners in charge of them. But the course, progress and results of every transaction should be borne clearly in mind.

To be Sacrificed.

General Drum is still maintained for vicarious purposes by the *Times*, with Endicott in the background as a mask. Every one is to be sacrificed to preserve the President. This is a shameful proceeding, for, as the country knows, the President is wholly responsible for the proposed violation of the law, and to say the contrary is to consciously tell an untruth.—*New York Mail and Express.*

Cuticura
A POSITIVE CURE
for every form of
Skin and Blood
Disease
from
PIMPLES to SCROFULA

SKIN TORTURES OF A LIFETIME INSTANTLY relieved by a warm bath with CUTICURA SOAP, a real Skin Beautifier, and a single application of CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure.

This, repeated daily, with two or three doses of CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the New Blood Purifier, to keep the blood cool, the perspiration pure and unirritating, the bowels open, the liver and kidneys active, will speedily cure

Eczema, Tetter, Ringworm, Psoriasis, Lichen, Pruritus, Scald Head, Dandruff, and every species of Itching, Scaly and Pimply Humors of the Skin and Scalp, with Loss of Hair, when the best physicians and all known remedies fail.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; RESOLVENT, $1; SOAP, 25c. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston, MASS.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

PIMPLES, Blackheads, Chapped and Oily Skin prevented by CUTICURA MEDICATED SOAP.

LOFTY LEGAL ASPIRATIONS.

Language That Speaks of the Development of a Boy in a Lawyer's Office.

Squibb's boy has been for some months an inmate of a lawyer's office. He entered with the determination, as he announced to his family, to become Attorney General. There would seem to be some probability of his succeeding, for he lodged in the following note to his mother on other day to his anxious mother, who inquired why he did not come home to see them oftener:

"The impossibility of my absence will be readily apparent when I convey the intelligence that my senior principal is at the current juncture exhaustively engaged in the preparation of a voluminous series of interrogatories to be propounded to a supposedly recalcitrant witness whose testimony is of cardinal importance to the initial stages of an approaching preliminary investigation involving the most momentous consequences."

To Weak Men

Suffering from Nervous Debility, Early Decay, Loss of Vitality, Weakness of Body and Mind, etc., I will send you a valuable treatise containing full particulars for certain restoration to health and manhood free of charge. A reliable home cure. Address Prof. F. C. Fowler, Moodus, Conn.

Yours for Health

20 Years Record.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND,

Is a Positive Cure

For ALL of those Painful Delicate Complaints and Complicated troubles and Weaknesses so common to our Wives, Mothers, and Daughters.

It is PLEASANT TO THE TASTE, EFFICACIOUS, IMMEDIATE AND LASTING IN ITS EFFECT. In Liquid, Pill or Lozenge form, (5 for $1.) Either of them sent by the latter, POSTPAID, upon receipt of price.

Lydia E. Pinkham

MRS. PINKHAM'S "GUIDE TO HEALTH" AND CONFIDENTIAL CIRCULAR MAILED TO ANY LADY SENDING ADDRESS AND STAMP TO LYNN, MASS. *Mention this Paper.*

A SAD STORY.

A Woman Tortured Nine Years from the Incompetency of Physicians. Relief at Last.

Mrs. T., a lady residing in a country town in Indiana, tells the following painful story: "I had taken treatment from physicians for about nine years, and had never received any permanent relief until I took your Compound. I thought I never should get well, and cried a good deal of my time. A year ago this summer I was confined to my bed and room for five months, under the doctor's care. I at last made up my mind to quit him and try your Compound, and with what a joyful result! Oh! I feel so glad that I tried it, and so sorry that I did not get hold of it nine years ago." The foregoing is from a letter to Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, and sufferers, by taking her Vegetable Compound, may escape the writer's regret for years wasted in hopeless misery.

A Letter of Thanks.

Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham: Very Dear Madam: My wife, Allie A. Good, has suffered with a displacement which caused her unknown pains till I had almost given up all hopes of finding any relief for her. But the guiding Spirit referred me to your Vegetable Compound. I went 12 miles to purchase a bottle, and the FIRST TWO DOSES GAVE HER IMMEDIATE RELIEF, and after the use of the first bottle she declared herself a new person—TWO BOTTLES ENTIRELY CURED HER. Your medicine is invaluable to me. It was indeed a messenger of peace in my house—it cured my wife, and God knows I am the happiest man alive to-day.

GEO. W. GREEN, Campti, La.

THE GIRL WITHOUT A PERIOD.

An Accurate Report of Her Enlivening Conversation in a Street Car.

She hadn't a full stop to her conversation—not even a dash. All she had to mark her colloquialism were commas.

As I sat in a Seventh avenue car, trying to read while Father McGlynn did, or said, or did not do, or had not said, she talked.

She was petite and pretty. She rolled her beautiful eyes and worked her charming mouth as she deluged her friends with her chatter.

A two-hundred-word-a-minute stenographer would have turned pale at her vivacity, but I have a marvelous memory and have reduced what I heard to writing.

"My, isn't it nice to meet you, Tillie; I was telling ma to-day that it would be real fun if you was to come to the city, and she said she guessed you would; and how's your sister?"

"She's ——"

"wasn't she bad in the fall? I heard Dr. Butterfield was tending her; he's awful smart, isn't he? and both ma and me said he'd cure her for certain. I'm going to match some velvet for my dress; you should see it; it's just too lovely for anything."

"When ——"

"is the newest thing, and so sweet, it has a border of pale-green sicilienne silk with a tablier and draperies just the same color over a dark-green velvet skirt; you ought to see it—bands of deep embroidery on a corn-colored foundation crossing right over in front and looped up with cords in a waist of pale-green moire. Annie Weston—you know Annie Weston—said, when she was in Saratoga last summer, 'If you're going there this year,'

That's ——"

"isn't it nice, well Annie said there wasn't any dress half as sweet as mine, you know Katie Scott, well she saw it, she's going to be married to Charlie Wilson, and they're going to Europe for the honeymoon, isn't she handsome?"

"I think ——"

"every one's just wild to see her dresses that are coming from Worth, of Paris, but I don't believe he can do any better than some of our people on the avenue, do you?"

"Well, I ——"

"of course I mean the tip top ones, not the little ones; they's botches; one of them ruined a chestnut-colored surah and moire crepe de chine of mine in the most awful way; instead of putting knots of grelets in moire silk the stupid thing trimmed it with satin. Mrs. Coldstone said I ought to have sued her, but I couldn't do that, and Mrs. Coldstone is such a one to talk."

"Yes, I ——"

"Why, Tillie, when once she begins there's no stopping her, and she's awful homely; but she dresses elegantly, they may say what they like. I think olive green—I am awful fond of green—and plum color, is just too sweet for 'most anything, but it must be made tight, fitting just like Bessie Willard's, and she's no; get as fine a figure as she thinks she thinks she has, but she's real good-hearted, and do you know she'll make anything for Alfred, and he's going to Mexico. You know Alfred, don't you?"

"Oh, I ——"

"yes, Alfred Tuckerman, a real good-looking fellow, only he knows it. Tillie, and that spoils him, so all us girls just tease him 'most to death, but he's great fun, and plays tennis like an angel; I'm going to get me a new tennis suit of seagreen and dark, not too too dark, you know, trimmings, that'll be splendid, won't it."

"I ——"

"there, I knew you'd like it, and with my new hat of green faille and the crown all over bronze beads and pavots in different shades it'll be just splendid, and ma says she thinks it'll be nicer than Gracie's, that's made of straw with two borders, one of them longer than the other joining in a kind of pavot front and back and covered with velvet and trimmed with surah ribbon, quite wide, with a lump of orchids in front is real cunning, but seems a little heavy; don't you think so?"

"Well ——"

"that's what every one says, but Gracie told me Willie Caruby liked it, and so it was all right for her, but I'm going to have one'll take the cake; a little bonnet, not a hat, you know, of sapphire-blue straw with borders of Tuscan straw and trimmed with blue ribbon, and then I'll get ma to buy me a blue dress to match, ma's awful good that way, and I have blue gloves, so it won't cost very much, do you think it will, have some candy?"

"I ——"

"besides ma owes me a new dress, because I didn't go to Newport last season, but ma and me are going to Larchmont next week, and we'll stay until the big regatta, I love regattas, don't you, take a caramel."

"I am ——"

"of course, I mean regattas where you know some of the fellows that sail the boats, so as you can feel at home, like, and not have every one staring at you, try the chocolate drops, and O, Tillie, I've got a new black silk parasol covered with real lace and with a painted china handle, pa brought it from Vienna. Pa's real nice when he likes, but he's always so busy in Wall street, there's a nice bit of glace fruit, try one, and I'm going to get another parasol—a beauty. Willie's going to get it for me, try a cream drop, there's a dear, and O, Tillie, I must get out here, will you come with me, and I say, Tillie, I didn't tell you I was engaged to Frank, but I don't know it yet, stop the car, please, don't forget your bag, Tillie, and come along, dear, I'll ——"

They vanished.

The car proceeded on its way.—*New York Graphic.*

According to Circumstances.

"What influence has the moon on the tides?" asked the new teacher. "Depends on what's tied," replied the smart, bad boy, thoughtfully, "if it's a dog it makes him howl, and if it's a gate, it depends on who's trying to untie it. My sister—" and just then the new teacher began to remember that all the former teachers in Birchcazel district had resigned in the middle of a term.

History Repeats Itself.

The Grand Army may expect to get it hot and heavy, from this time out, from the Democratic papers edited by postmasters.—*Peoria Transcript.*

The Grand Army got "it hot and heavy" from Democrats during the years between '61-5. They're used to it.—*Des Moines Capital.*

Cure for the Deaf.

Peck's Patent Improved Cushioned Ear Drums perfectly restore the hearing and performs the work of the natural Drum. All conversation and even whispers heard distinctly. Illustrated book of testimonials free. Address F. Hiscox, 853 Broadway, N. Y. Name paper.

THE ELECTRIC PUSH BUTTON, to be Worn on the Breast, A CURE FOR DYSPEPSIA.

Anything which excites a health-circulation of the blood, the Doctors says goes a long way towards curing disease.

The moment a man pins to his breast the ELECTRIC PUSH BUTTON his cure has already commenced, but when he indorses that fluid of a storyteller to touch that Button a thrill of life goes through him, while his victim receives the shock with emotion anything but agreeable, but which also excites his blood with healthy action. The best joke of the season.

Prices: One Electric Button, by mail, postpaid, 50c.; one dozen Electric Buttons, by mail, postpaid, $5c. J. BRIDE & CO., 258 Canal Street, N.Y. Magic Lanterns, Lantern Slides, Novelties and Specialties.

AN ESSAY ON BOYS.

Bill Nye's Advice to a Father Who Has a Son Who Despises Labor.

The following note has been passed over to my bureau for elucidation:

"Please inform me the best thing to do with a boy that won't work in summer

"M. L. B."

This was doubtless referred to me because I have given

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THURSDAY, JULY 14, 1887.

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THE SALOON IN POLITICS.

Saloonkeeping is the only occupation in this country which is devoted to the sole purpose of pandering to the baser appetites and passions of mankind, yet which aspires to be ranked among legitimate lines of business. But it can never reach that station; it can never be recognized as an honorable and honest occupation. Between it and all decent traffic there is fixed an impassable gulf, which shall remain so long as humanity recognizes the difference between good and evil. The saloon belongs to the same category of occupations with the brothel; in fact, the malign influence of Rum upon the physical system is so well known its terrible power to spur the baser passions and whet the sensual appetites—that there is not a house of ill-fame in our cities but wherein Rum in some form is kept, because demanded by the men who patronize the place.

Rum is the facile agent of all kinds of evil, the prompter to degradation, the spur to vice, the promoter of crime. The saloon is merely a place where men can obtain it; and the argument that there is a demand for Rum on the part of a class of the community, and that therefore the keeper of the saloon, in opening a place where their requirements can be promptly supplied, is engaged in as reputable and honest an occupation as he who supplies the demand for food or for clothing, is a specious one. There is a broad distinction between the supplying of things which are necessary to the well-being and comfort of mankind, and those which minister to tastes or desires which are harmless to those who possess them and work no injury, direct or remote, to the community at large. And that distinction is one that will never be lost sight of. It can not be obliterated; the men who deal in Rum will never be able to so confuse the public mind that it will not be recognized.

There is a striking parallelism between the course the supporters of the saloon are taking in this country, and that taken by the supporters of the slave power years ago. The slave power was not satisfied with the condition of things. It determined to rule in this country. It was not satisfied to let slavery alone where it already existed. It must be carried into territories, that they should become slave states when admitted to the Union. The dictum was laid down that a section of the country should rule the entire nation, and to give that section a majority in Congress it was deemed necessary to extend the accursed system of human bondage by the extension of the national domain, that new territories might be organized, which in turn should become states. But when slavery went into politics, and aimed at not only national control, but its perpetuation, its doom was sealed. It has been dead for a quarter of a century. Politics killed the slave power.

The Rum Power is pursuing the same general course. It has entered the political field. Through the saloons and their debased hangers on, who will sell their votes—nay, who are such slaves of the Rum Devil that they would barter their immortal souls for the liquid poison if it could not be obtained otherwise. The saloons practically control many of our great cities, and have so strong a grip on the worst element of the voting population that the question of honest municipal government is the leading one in every city of importance in the country. Not content with this, the Rum Power is taking a hand in state politics everywhere, and aspiring to even control the nation through its hold upon the weak, venal, depraved and vicious element of the voting population.

The people of the United States found that the logical result of the slavery struggle would necessarily be that the country must be all slave or all free. The arrogant slave power practically presented them the alternative. They solved the problem by making the nation free, and wiping slavery out of existence. The struggle with the Rum Power is rapidly bringing public sentiment to see that either the Rum Power must be destroyed, or it will necessarily become supreme and control the politics of the country. The trial of strength between the two sides is as inevitable as we now can see the slavery struggle was. Though civil war will not result, the end in this case will be the same. The Rum Power will be crushed, and the traffic be destroyed. The right always has the final triumph in the world-wide struggle with the wrong.

The sure sign of the beginning of this much to be desired end is the fact that the people are arraying themselves against the saloon. There are thousands of voters today who would hesitate to declare themselves as advocates of Prohibition, but who would, nevertheless, unhesitatingly cast their votes for a Prohibitory amendment to the state constitution because of the interference of the Rum Power in politics. The thinking people of the nation are the sworn foes of any clique or selfish interest that attempts political control for its own ends. The saloon and its promoters are doing this. They are attempting to dictate politics to the people to the end that they may continue to reap enormous profits from the weaknesses, the appetites, the ruin of their fellow-men. Events are hastening to a crisis. The increasing activity in favor of Prohibition everywhere is a significant indication that the people are massing to

Pulverize the Rum Power.

JEFF DAVIS is out in an interview in which he narrates certain cock-and-bull stories of attempts to kill him during the war. Very likely there were men who would have been glad to do so, but when the gray headed old traitor alleges that CURTIN, Pennsylvania's great war governor, released two desperadoes from the penitentiary in order that they might go South and kill DAVIS, nobody will believe it. No more will they believe that the United States government plotted to "remove" him. JEFF should now tell the history of the plot to abduct ABRAHAM LINCOLN, of which he was cognizant, which being impracticable, led to LINCOLN'S murder. The New York *World* (Democratic) gives DAVIS this advice:

> DAVIS is always doing impolitic things and it is certainly not wise for him to rake up risky stories about unsuccessful attempts on his own life in view of the fact that the rebel attempt on the martyred Lincoln's life was unfortunately successful.

THE sheriff of Ida county, Iowa, has been suspended from office for refusing to enforce the decree of the court in certain cases arising under the prohibitory law. This is the first instance wherein the authority of a court has been exercised to that extent, and the case is likely to excite a large degree of interest.

OUR PRESIDENTIAL VOTE.

By all odds, the most interesting contribution to the discussion of Republican Presidential candidates for next year yet published, is the article in this issue of the BLADE, giving the result of our canvass of the Republican voters among the readers of the Weekly BLADE. No less than 21,390 out of our 100,000 subscribers took interest enough in the matter to send us their views—a much larger number than we anticipated.

The superficial reader will glance at the summary of the vote given at the end of the article, and exclaiming, "Oh, BLAINE, of course!" will pass on. But this one fact of Mr. BLAINE'S receiving 11,010 out of the total vote of 21,390 for first choice, is by no means all that this expression of Republican opinion shows. SHERMAN stands a good second, and ROBERT T. LINCOLN a fair third, among the first choice of the people.

As to the second choice, SHERMAN leads; he is the second choice of more than those with whom he is first choice. BLAINE stands second choice on this list. A very large number of the voters who are for BLAINE as first choice named SHERMAN for second—fully one-half, if not more. The converse case was also true, though not quite to so great a degree; nearly one-half of those whose first choice was SHERMAN voted for BLAINE for second choice. Quite a number of votes had BLAINE for both first and second choice, and the same was true of the Sherman vote.

The most surprising thing in the vote is the quiet strength revealed for ROBERT T. LINCOLN. There has been no Lincoln "boom"; the papers have not been full of speculations concerning him; but he stands third for first choice, for President, third for second choice, and first for the Vice Presidency—receiving a majority of the total vote for that office.

Every vote for first choice from Maine was for BLAINE. In the New York vote he has a clear majority over all others. In this state it must be remembered that the Weekly BLADE circulates only in the state and not in the city of New York. In fact, BLAINE leads as the first choice for the Presidency in all the states, excepting the following: Rhode Island, where our total vote was but 4; South Carolina; Georgia, where he ties SHERMAN; Louisiana (total vote only 11); and Kentucky, where SHERMAN has a decided lead.

SHERMAN stands a good second almost everywhere, however; leading in Kentucky, and running only two votes behind in Illinois—the result in that state giving SHERMAN 972 and BLAINE 974 votes respectively (for first choice) out of a total of 2,464. BLAINE first and SHERMAN second is the rule in all the states, with the exceptions above named.

The result in Ohio shows that SHERMAN'S own state stands at present where she has always stood before. In a total vote of 2,348 she gives BLAINE, 1,114 and SHERMAN 1,042. We believe that had every Republican voter in the state sent in his choice, the result would have not been materially different—that is, the vote would be pretty evenly divided between those two gentlemen. The indication is that Ohio will repeat history, and again send a divided delegation to the national Republican convention of 1888. And it needs no warning of ours to the friends of Mr. SHERMAN, in the face of this showing of sentiment, not to have the coming state convention formally indorse his candidacy. We have no idea, however, that any such thing was seriously contemplated by them.

Senator ALLISON has a respectable following, but there is nothing worthy of the name of a boom. His own state, Iowa, gives him third place for first choice—183 votes out of a total of 834. He leads for the Presidency for second choice in that state, and stands second in the Vice-Presidential vote. He has some strength in other Western states, and stands fourth in the grand total for first Presidential choice—though receiving only one sixth as many votes as LINCOLN, who stands third. In fact, there are but three candidates named who have a following all over the Union—BLAINE, SHERMAN and LINCOLN. The remainder are men who have not yet reached the plane of general popularity in all parts of the country.

That we may not be misunderstood, we repeat that the task of gathering and collating this expression of opinion from Republicans all over the nation was not undertaken in the interests of any candidate, or with the hope that it might injure any one. The BLADE will support BLAINE, or SHERMAN, or LINCOLN with equal cheerfulness, if nominated by next year's convention. We had simply an earnest desire to test the feelings of the masses of the party, and ascertain the present popularity of Republican leaders.

We believe the vote here given to be a fair indication of the feeling of the great mass of Republican voters—at least in the majority of the states, and certainly in the great states of New York, Pennsylvania, West Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, Missouri, Arkansas, Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado, Oregon and California—and probably in several others. Of course, the most votes came from these states wherein the Weekly BLADE has the heaviest circulation; but the general evenness of the result in all the states leads us to believe that, were every Republican to express his preference, the result would be practically the same.

On the basis of the vote of the BLADE'S subscribers, if nothing occurs to make a sudden and great change in sentiment, the forecast of the result of the Republican national convention next year stands thus:

First—BLAINE and LINCOLN for President and Vice President.

Second—In case BLAINE has not enough votes to nominate him on the first ballot, and a protracted struggle ensue, then the change of enough BLAINE delegates to SHERMAN to nominate him.

Third—If the Blaine phalanx stand firm, so that neither he nor SHERMAN can be nominated, then the nomination of LINCOLN for the Presidency, as a "dark horse."

But the role of prophet, especially in the shifting field of politics, is a most unprofitable one to attempt, and we do not declare that one of these three things must happen; only, in the light of the vote cast they seem the most probable results.

TALMAGE—A BEAUTIFUL PORTRAIT OF A FAMOUS PREACHER.

At the request of thousands of our readers, we have had engraved a magnificent portrait of the great and world-famous pulpit orator, Rev. T. DEWITT TALMAGE, uniform in style with our other Military and Religious Heroes. The portrait is absolutely life-like, is executed in the very highest style of the art, and will be an ornament to any house. The thousands upon thousands of admirers of the great Brooklyn preacher, the greatest and most effective pulpit speaker now living, will be glad to secure this speaking likeness of the man. It has a more than passing value, for it is taken while he is yet in his prime, in the vigor and strength of his manhood, and while he is doing his most effective work. Every reader of his matchless sermons should have one. We mail them singly, post-paid, for 25 cents. For the combination with our other portraits, see announcement on fifth page, under the head of Publisher's Department.

THE Hawaiian revolution is so far a success, and a bloodless one at that. It has been believed that King KALAKAUA has for a long time been obtaining money corruptly, and when the discovery came that he had recently agreed to sell out the monopoly of the opium business for $71,000, an indignation meeting of the business men of Honolulu was held, on June 30, and adopted resolutions declaring the government to be corrupt, and that personal and property rights were not protected. The demands made upon the King can be better understood by recalling the fact that the government and law-making power are vested in a House of Representatives of 28 members, elected for two years by voters who own $150 worth (or more) of land, or whose annual income is $60 or over; a House of Nobles, appointed by the King, answering to our Senate; and the King and his cabinet. All bills must receive the approval of these three bodies to become laws. The demands of the revolutionists seem to be for the dismissal of the present cabinet and the nomination of certain others named in their stead; the restitution of the $71,000; and a specific pledge from the King that he will not interfere with the election of representatives. KALAKAUA came down with praiseworthy promptness, and promised all these things. The trouble is not over, and it is probable that the outcome will be the establishment of universal suffrage for members of the House of Representatives, and that the tenure of cabinet officers will depend upon the favor of the House, as that of the English ministry depends upon the favor of the House of Commons.

ON July 9, the special election in the city of Rome, Georgia, resulted in the adoption of Prohibition by an overwhelming vote, Two years ago last February, an election was held, resulting in a victory for the "wet" ticket by several hundred majority. It was felt, however, at that time and ever since that the result was not a fair expression of the people's will. The election had been called by the liquor men in midwinter. There was no registration law, and it was believed many illegal votes were cast. So it was tried over, as soon as the law would permit. When the vote was counted out it was found that out of 2,900 registered voters, 2,333 had voted. Of these 1,428 were for Prohibition and 908 against, a majority of 520 for the "dry" ticket. This election is believed to settle the matter as to Georgia—that the remaining fourteen counties must necessarily carry for Prohibition, and that within six months the entire state will be redeemed. Rome is a city of 12,000 inhabitants.

THE cry of "Turn the rascals out!" bids fair to become the slogan of the Presidential campaign next year, as it was in 1884; but this time it will be against the Democrats. A conspicuous case of fraud and robbery has just come to light, perpetrated by a Democratic appointee of the present administration, OSCAR J. HARVEY, until recently Chief of the Horse Claims division of the Third Auditor's office at Washington. He was recently promoted to be chief of Law Department of the Second Controller's office, and Hon. AUSTIN H. BROWN, of Indianapolis, succeeded him. Mr. BROWN, in looking over affairs in his office, discovered what he believed to be irregularities, and an official investigation was had, when it was found that there were 161 fraudulent cases entered on the books kept by HARVEY, the amount of claims aggregating over $40,000. Many of these claims had been paid.

MONEY is as necessary in carrying on a war as are arms and troops. To destroy a nation's credit in the financial centers of the world is to seriously cripple it in military operations. It is now reported that Russian securities will be thrown out of the leading money markets of Europe, and that a serious attempt will be made to cause a complete financial isolation of the empire. It is not believed that her armies can be equipped and sent to the field without the aid of foreign arms and munitions of war. An embargo like this is no new thing in history. NAPOLEON made one of his greatest mistakes when he attempted to shut England out of the continent, and it is hardly probable that the power of such vast armies as the Czar directs can be held in check by any peaceful means. The financial condition of Russia is one of the most serious matters attracting the attention of Europe.

THE crops of Europe in the more important wheat growing nations are without exception promising far better yields than in 1887. The English crop particularly is promising considerably above the average, while that of last year was materially below the average both in acreage and rate of yield. The only important offset in our favor in the foreign situation is in East India, where the yield is probably 25 per cent. less than last year, while the exceedingly close selling of last year had reduced India supplies almost to absolute nullity. There is said to be a shortage also in other food crops in India, and it may be estimated that their surplus for export in the crops from 1887-88 will not exceed 25 against 45 million bushels in 1886-87.

THE heavy rains of the past week have broken the drouth, and all over the West and Northwest the crops are looking much better. The corn and cotton crops are doing unusually well, and the grass crop, though irreparably injured by the preceding drouth, has been greatly benefited. Very serious injury is reported in some parts of the Northwestern wheat region, but the rains have no doubt in great measure reinstated the crop conditions. The tobacco crop has only about 45 per cent. of a full acreage, while the sugar crop promises to be the largest for a quarter of a century.

THE Louisville *Courier-Journal*, in a sane moment, makes the following excellent comments on the flag episode:

> Various well-known Southern men have expressed themselves on the Southern flag sensation, and they do credit to their common sense. There is nobody hurt on that side. The writers on the subject, as well as the President, have generally overlooked the great difference of position between those who lose and those who capture a flag. The captors have a trophy which they prize as a monument of their prowess; but to the losers of the flag, it is nothing but a rag, which is an emblem of their misfortunes—unless, indeed, they recapture it in battle.

THE GETTYSBURG REUNION.

Gettysburg was the "high-water mark" of the tide of rebellion, and PICKETT'S charge was the turning-point in that battle. Hence there was more than ordinary interest in the reunion, on the scene of that splendid but futile effort, of the survivors of PICKETT'S rebel division, and of the national force that held the ground against them. Such reunions of old-time foes are noteworthy occasions. The men who met each other on a well-fought field come together to do reverent honor to the memory of their dead comrades, and to rejoice in the possession of a common land and common destiny.

The comment that has been indulged in by the Democratic doughface press of the country over the Gettysburg reunion shows that the writers thereof have no more appreciation of the real feelings that animated the wearers of the blue and the gray who participated therein, than had GROVER CLEVELAND of the feeling of the veterans when he issued his blundering rebel flag order.

The reunion had no political signification. Politics were held in abeyance in the breasts of those brave men. Whether the South was right or wrong, whether the North fought in a righteous cause, was not made the topic of discussion. Whether the suppression of the negro vote is necessary in the South, or whether the North is "sectional" in demanding an execution of the constitutional guarantees of citizenship to the negro, was immaterial to the men who wore either the blue or the gray on that occasion. They celebrated the return of peace, and celebrated it as only those could do who remembered the ghastly carnival of blood upon that historic ground in the early July days of 1863.

We know not how the survivors of that brave brigade of PICKETT may feel upon the conflict between the states, in which they did their part bravely and well, even though their cause was wrong; but we believe there is not one man among these who faced them in the Gettysburg struggle, nor one man in this wide land in whose bosom burns the fires of patriotism, but agrees wholly and entirely, with the sentiments expressed by the martyr President, ABRAHAM LINCOLN, at the dedication of the national cemetery at Gettysburg. Here it is entire. Read it and admire:

> Fourscore and seven years ago, our Father brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.
>
> Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation, so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure.
>
> We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come here to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who have given their lives that that nation might live.
>
> It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.
>
> But in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow, this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract.
>
> The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here; but it can never forget what they did here.
>
> It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have, thus far, so nobly advanced.
>
> It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us; that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people and for the people shall not perish from the earth.

The rebellion is over, and the test spoken of by LINCOLN proved that the nation can and shall endure. The rebellion was crushed, the curse of slavery removed, and the utterance of the Declaration of Independence, that "all men are created equal," has been embodied in the organic law of the land.

But ABRAHAM LINCOLN did not dream, as he voiced that famous Gettysburg speech, the most perfect utterance of American eloquence, that within a generation there would arise a question as to the righteousness of the cause to which he paid such an unparalleled tribute; that in the North, then pulsing with patriotic feeling, there would come forward a class of men, fawning sycophants, unpatriotic and degenerate sons of American fathers, the veriest spawn of baseness, who would brand the veterans of the war as "paupers," and "office-seekers;" who would decry patriotic feeling, and dub it "sectionalism;" and that the traitorous copperheadism of the war era would reappear as a time-serving doughface sentiment, following the footsteps of the Democrats of the ante-bellum period, bending in fawning sycophancy at the feet of the old Southern rule-or-ruin element.

OUR PORTRAIT OF LOGAN.

Our portrait of the lamented LOGAN is finished, and being mailed. It is a splendid work of art, and will be highly prized by those who secure it.

And speaking of our series of portraits of the great generals of the late war, there is one point to which we wish to call attention. These portraits are engraved from photographs taken from life, and were furnished us by the Generals themselves, at our request, as being the view of the face and the expression they desired to be remembered by. Two, Gen. GRANT and Gen. SHERMAN, sat expressly for us, and SHERIDAN and LOGAN sent us those that they preferred.

In a very few years the BLADE portraits of the great Generals will have an increased value from this fact. They are not only works of art, but they are faithful, absolute likenesses.

We send them to any address at 25 cents each, singly, or 65 cents for the four. The five great religious heroes, the two WESLEYS, CALVIN, LUTHER and TALMAGE for 80 cents, the whole nine for $1.25. Order at once.

AT the Tammany Hall celebration of the Fourth, "Sunset" COX said that if Governor FORAKER had lived in the days when a babe was born in Bethlehem, he would have sent on to Jerusalem for an order enjoining the heavenly hosts from singing "Peace on earth, good will toward men," and would have prayed for a mandamus compelling them to sing: "Hate on earth, ill-will toward men." COX was for years the Congressional jester, and won his only distinction in the halls of legislation as the wearer of the fool's cap and bells. Whatever wit he may at one time have possessed has gone, as the above stupid utterance shows, and his senile chatterings are now only blundering attempts to raise the old-time laugh. There is no glint of wit in the blasphemous drivel quoted above. It is sad to see a man, once of at least mediocre talents, thus brought down to the level of a gibbering idiot. *Sic transit gloria mundi!*

THE work of making room for ex-rebels under the government goes on apace. The convention of civil-service examiners has recommended that the age limit for examinations in the customs service be abolished and in certain branches of the postal service be increased to forty years. The first person to actively move in favor of this change of the rule was Major T. A. BURKE, of New Orleans. He did this on the ground that the rule limit as to age excluded from most branches of the government service all who served in the Confederate army, unless they entered that service at a very tender age. Under the thirty-five years' limit, for instance, no ex-Confederate who was more than twelve years of age when the war broke out could secure an appointment in the classified branch of the postal service.

FARMING is a big industry in this country. The leading farm products of the United States amount to $4,014,000,000 annually. That alone, independent of manufactures, fisheries, etc., represents an average income of $70 per year for every man, woman and child in the country.

CLEVELAND'S SUBSTITUTE.

CLEVELAND having given up the idea of visiting St. Louis during the time of the national encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic, the proposition of Crocker Post, of Desmoines, Iowa, that CLEVELAND'S substitute should be brought to the encampment, should now be carried out.

The action of Crocker Post, alluded to above, having been printed in the newspapers of the country, Commander ROUNDS has received the following letter from the very man who acted as CLEVELAND'S substitute:

BATH, N. Y., June 17, 1887.

Commander Des Moines G. A. R. Post:

Seeing the resolution passed by your post in the Buffalo *Evening News*, President Cleveland's organ, allow me to say that I am the man who was his substitute. He has never fulfilled his promise to me in regard to paying me what he agreed to for going as his substitute. He has let me, after being asked for assistance, live in different poor-houses, and I am now an inmate of the Soldiers' Home at Bath, totally unable to do anything. I have asked his assistance in procuring a pension, but it has never been granted. I lost my health as a substitute for him. Can you, people of the West render me any assistance? I can establish my identity as his substitute. The writer of this, Richard Burke, has known me, and knows that I am the man.

Yours, GEORGE BRINSKE.

Nobody will be surprised that CLEVELAND has acted in the way described above. BRINSKE'S military record must have been honorable, or he could not have gained admission to the Soldiers' Home at Bath; but CLEVELAND evidently thinks that whatever pay he received as a soldier in the army is a full equivalent for the services rendered. He thinks precisely the same way about the dependent veterans.

Nor will anybody be surprised that CLENELAND failed to pay BRINSKE what he promised. CLEVELAND was bred a lawyer, and knows that a verbal contract is not binding without proof. Hence he knew that BRINSKE could not compel him to pay, and he viewed with entire equanimity the latter's enforced pauperism. Mr. CLEVELAND may have had law on his side, but he certainly did not have justice.

The Grand Army should take up the case of BRINSKE, and see if justice can not be done, even at this late day. The facts should be investigated fully, and if they bear out the assertions made in BRINSKE'S letter, every effort should be made to right the wrong which has been done him by GROVER CLEVELAND.

TWO IMPORTANT TEMPERANCE DOCUMENTS.

We call attention to an announcement in the Publisher's Department, fifth page, of two very important Temperance documents, which we have just issued. One is upon the result of Thirty Years of Prohibition in Maine, and the other the testimony of Ten Eminent Physicians as to the effect of Lager Beer upon the Human System. These pamphlets, by D. R. Locke, should be scattered broadcast. They should be circulated by the million. See terms and order at once.

GROVER WON'T GO.

Mr. CLEVELAND has written a letter to the mayor of St. Louis, in which he declines to visit that city during the time of the national encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic.

He might have done this in a courteous, dignified, and gentlemanly manner—but he did not. Quite the contrary. He scolds like a fishwife at the veterans, and accuses them of threatening to insult him. After abusing them to his heart's content, he finds it necessary to remark that he isn't afraid of them, and he don't wish it thought, for a moment, that he gave up the trip on that account; and then declines the invitation, alleging two reasons—first, because he thinks that his presence might prevent a full attendance at the encampment; and, second, the egotistic one that he fears that should *he* be there at the same time as the encampment, St. Louis might find it difficult to entertain both! It is the old case of the fly upon the chariot wheel over again.

CLEVELAND laboriously explains that the Grand Army boys object to his presence because of "certain official acts," and then insinuates, under cover of a disclaimer, that the veterans think to intimidate him into pursuing the opposite course should the same circumstances arise, viz: that a bill pensioning dependent ex-soldiers of the national army be again presented him for his signature. This shows his utter lack of comprehension of the state of the case, which has already had ample illustration in the rebel flag incident. He stupidly mistakes a warm expression of patriotic feeling for a demagogic electioneering trick, and construes a demand that the nation shall fulfill a duty in caring for its broken-down and invalided defenders to be a wholesale effort at obtaining public money for an unworthy cause.

He blunders, too, in referring to the coming encampment of the G. A. R. as the first held in a Southern state. The gathering of 1882 was held in Baltimore, which was in the war epoch quite as disloyal a city as St. Louis; and Maryland is quite as much of a Southern state as Missouri.

Mr. CLEVELAND is not felicitous as a letter-writer. This effusion, though couched in the stilted phraseology of the lawyer, is full of the venom of a mean, narrow nature, and the spiteful hatred of the doughface is visible in every paragraph beneath the high-sounding verbiage. Practically the letter is a fling at the Grand Army, and a pronunciamento that the chief executive of the nation is the foe of the Union soldier and of the patriotic organization which aims to care for his interests.

UTAH.

The population of Utah is sufficient to enable it to apply for admission as a state; but so is that of Dakota, and Washington, and Montana. The plague spot of polygamy is the drawback as regards Utah. The present constitutional convention in session at Salt Lake City is overwhelmingly Mormon in sentiment. Knowing that they stand no chance of admission to the Union so long as that iniquitous system of legalized prostitution and concubinage is permitted, they have prepared, in the constitution they are now framing, sections declaring that bigamy and polygamy, being considered incompatible with a republican form of government, shall be forbidden and declared misdemeanors, with appropriate penalties attached. These sections have been agreed to in caucus and it is believed will be adopted. The punishment for violation is a fine not exceeding $1,000 and imprisonment for not less than six months nor more than three years. It is further provided:

> The section shall be considered as operative without legislation, and offenses prohibited will not be barred by any statute of limitation, nor shall the power of pardon extend thereto until such pardon be approved by the President of the United States. Any amendment, revision or change to the foregoing section shall not become a law until ratified by Congress and the President of the United States.

But what do such constitutional guarantees amount to in a state, where the majority of the voting population believe in polygamy as a religious tenet, and divinely ordained—wherein the officials, executive, legislative and judicial, will be men who are polygamists, and believers therein? Federal authority would be swept away by the admission to the Union, and the sections referred to above would be dead letters. The Mormons would go on their way unhindered, and polygamy would be firmly rooted in the social system of the country.

COL. MORRISON, the Illinois free trader, finds an omen of evil in the fact that the crows are building nests in the lofty elms about the White House. He says that in 1886, just before JEHU BAKER defeated him for Congress, the crows built nests in the trees around his home at Waterloo, Illinois. May MORRISON'S prediction be confirmed by the facts!

WAS THE SOUTH WRONG?

A portion of the church-going citizens of Savannah, Georgia, have been insulted—insulted from the pulpit—and that, too, by a Northern minister! On Sunday last, Rev. LEONARD W. BACON, pastor of the Independent Presbyterian church of that city, preached a Fourth of July sermon. Let us quote the dispatch from that city as to his offense:

> Dr. Bacon called attention to the fact that God always raised up men to meet national emergencies, and eulogistically mentioned Washington, Lincoln and Grant as the saviors of this country, taking occasion to allude to the South as having been in the wrong in the great struggle. The doctor's language was firm, but not severe, but a large portion of the congregation took offense at his remarks.
>
> One gentleman left the church during the speaking, and at the close of the services the congregation neglected to go to the altar to exchange civilities with their pastor, as is their custom. The membership of the church includes some of the most aristocratic families in the city, and names which figure prominently in Confederate history. Many of these spoke of the clergymen's effort as "his funeral sermon," and it will not be surprising if the incident is not followed by a vacant pulpit.

The writer of the dispatch goes on to explain that Rev. Dr. BACON recently came South, and is a clergyman known personally in New York, Philadelphia and New England, and has a reputation throughout the whole country, as had his father before him. He artlessly remarks:

> Since coming South he has been a pronounced Northerner in his views.

Pray, what was there distinctively "Northern" in Dr. BACON'S expressed views? Have we not been told by the Southern press, and Southern orators, that the South is loyal, that its people accept the results of the war in good faith, and have not the dough face Democratic journals of the North echoed the cry with "damnable iteration," till the people are nauseated at their tendency to "slop over?" The war, had the South been successful, would have dismembered the Union; the Union was saved by the national armies, and GRANT and LINCOLN may with perfect propriety be called its saviors. And either the South was wrong in its appeal to arms, or the nation was wrong in its resort thereto to preserve the Union in its territorial entirety.

The people of this Savannah church evidently decide that the South was right, and that therefore (not "the North," but) the loyal part of the nation was wrong.

This is exactly in line with JEFF DAVIS'S letter on CLEVELAND'S rebel flag foolishness. The principle of state rights is still cherished. The Southerners are loyal—not to the nation or the national idea, but to their state and their section. They are sectionists, and have always been so. Let us have no more gush over Southern "loyalty." The word needs definition according to the latitude in which it is used.

THE DRIVEN WELL PATENT.

DUPONT, O., July 5.—EDITOR BLADE:—Will you inform me through the BLADE if all driven wells are subject to royalty, the same as the 5,000 wells in and around Dayton, O., under the late decision of the courts? If so, on what parts, if any, and how far back?—J. P. D.

All driven wells in the United States come under that decision, and all must pay royalty to the holders of the patent whose validity was sustained by the decision of the United States court referred to above. The patent is on a well made in that manner, and not on any "part" or any fixture. All driven wells are included.

The patent expired, we are informed, on January 16, 1885. All wells put down before that date must pay royalty. If your well was put down since that, you have nothing to pay; but, as a measure of precaution, you had better have the proofs handy—proofs that will hold good in a court of law—that the well was put down since that date.

We also understand that the royalty demanded is about $10 per well. This will have to be paid, and there is no use in resisting payment. But be sure the man you pay it to is one legally authorized to collect it. Don't pay to an unknown man traveling about the country. The collection of royalty will doubtless be placed in the hands of some well known legal firm in the county seat of each county, and the matter duly advertised in the newspapers.

THE "long and short haul" clause of the inter-state commerce law has been interpreted by Judge DEADY, of the United States district court of Oregon. The receiver of an Oregon railroad, being under the direct control of the court by virtue of his office, asked for a construction of the law, and Judge DEADY instructs him that

> The fact that there is competition in the carriage of persons or property to or from a particular place is a circumstance that justifies a common carrier under section 2 of the inter-state commerce act to charge less for a long haul than for a short haul from said place than a short one included therein.

This is the first decision of a court upon the most important section of the new law, and will probably govern the action of courts hereafter, as Judge DEADY is one of the judges in longest service on the federal bench, and one whose decisions as to railways and other corporations are held in the highest respect.

GOV. GORDON, of Georgia, will declare, in his next message, against the infamous plan of leasing the labor of convicts, who are worked in camps at different points in the state. An investigating committee of the legislature has succeeded in obtaining figures showing the immense profits made by the lessees of these convicts. It is estimated, on the basis of nearly 1,000 convicts in all the camps, that the lessees' share of profit from the labor is $75,000 annually on a low calculation, while the state is satisfied with $25,000. The lessees are United States Senator BROWN, Colonel LOWE, and several other prominent Democratic leaders of Georgia.

REFORM of the CLEVELAND brand is a queer thing. Miss WORTH, daughter of the grand old General WORTH, of Mexican war fame, was until a few days ago a $900 clerk in the Quartermaster General's office at Washington. She is 60 years old, in feeble health, and on her small salary she supported herself, a nephew and a niece. But she was only a woman, and her place was wanted for a Democratic partisan. She was turned out to give him a place.

THE loss by fires in the United States during June amounted to $10,182,100. This exceeds the average for the same months in past years by nearly $4,000,000. At this rate, the nation will lose absolutely a sum equal to the national debt within a dozen years. The "fire-loss" is a source of frightful and needless waste. It would pay to enforce stringent regulations as to the erection of buildings, so that they would not be mere tinder-boxes.

THE grand smash of the Fidelity National bank in Cincinnati emphasizes the value of the national banking system. The notes of the Fidelity are perfectly good, because the government holds bonds for their full value—and over. Republican financiering has always been sound, and the nation never had so excellent a paper currency. There are over a thousand millions of paper money in this country; and it is all good as gold.

THE Bulgarian Sobranje does not propose to have any more foolishness about the choice of a ruler. It has elected Prince ALEXANDER of Saxe-Coburg Gotha to the vacant throne, and declared, that if the Great Powers do not accede to the choice, Bulgaria will declare its independence. There is a chance here for a first-class complication, and an opportunity for war, if Russia really wishes it.

THE Panama Canal company is asking for a loan of $40,000,000, and although the work thus far is overwhelmingly discouraging, expects no difficulty in raising the amount.

WHICH IS SECTIONAL?

"For convenience of reference," we present in parallel columns the different opinions held by the Southern Democrats—as gathered from the editorial columns of the Southern Democratic newspapers—and those entertained by the Republican party of the country.

The newspapers referred to claim that the "South is loyal," while they, as well as the yelping hounds of the doughface press of the North—Democratic and mugwump—call the Republican party of the nation "sectional." Read the parallel and decide which is the sectional set of opinions—the one on the left, or the one on the right:

SOUTHERN VIEW.	REPUBLICAN VIEW.
1. Secession was a right, and was not rebellion.	1. Secession was rebellion, and was indefensible.
2. Secession was not treason, nor was Jeff Davis a traitor.	2. Secession was treason, and Davis was a traitor.
3. That the South was right in its rights.	3. That the South had no rights imperiled.
4. The South was right in the war.	4. The South was wrong in all respects.
5. The South was not conquered, but overpowered by superior numbers.	5. The rebellion was conquered, and the South treated with rare magnanimity by the conquerors.
6. That the suppression of the colored vote is necessary to prevent the rule of an ignorant and non-property holding class.	6. Citizenship and the ballot were conferred on the negroes as the result of the war, and the Southern Union sentiment is flagrantly violated by the suppression of their votes.
7. That each Southern state has a right to conduct its elections as the whites see fit.	7. That the suppression of the negro vote should be followed by a diminution of the basis of representation in Congress under the Fourteenth amendment.
8. That the negro shall have only such rights and privileges as the whites see fit to allow.	8. That absolute equality before the law is secured to the American, irrespective of race or color.
9. That any expression of opinion hostile to the above eight points given in the opposite is a waving of the "bloody shirt."	9. That the criticism of such opinions as are in the opposite column is not "reviving the war issue," but legitimate and proper.

IT WON'T WORK.

I seems that, after all, the boasted interference of the United States customs laws with the Prohibition laws of Maine or other states is no interference at all. It will be remembered the Rum Power succeeded in having a statement telegraphed all over the country that a Portland, Maine, liquor dealer was importing foreign liquors in the original packages, and that the United states laws would protect him in so doing, despite the state law. The truth of the matter is this:

Application has been made to the Treasury department for a ruling to that effect, but the inquirer has been informed that the department cannot undertake to decide whether liquors imported in the original packages and duty paid can be withdrawn from the custom house and sold in prohibitory states in the original packages. It is enough for the Treasury department, undoubtedly, to say that the state laws cannot prevent the liquors from being brought into the state and brought to the custom house; further than that, the secretary of the Treasury does not care to go; and further than that the speculative liquor dealers who think they can defy the Maine law under the cover of the federal laws as to imports, may not find it absolutely safe to go.

The decision which some of the liquor men thought made it certain that they could sell in Prohibitory states in the original packages, leaves it doubtful whether, notwithstanding the federal law, the states cannot prohibit the sale. It looks as if the judges saw the point and dodged it.

EVIL BREEDS EVIL.

The following admission, from the Charleston, S. C., *News and Courier*, is most significant to every man in the nation who believes in a free ballot and an honest count:

> There is serious demoralization to-day in South Carolina on account of the election practices which were so common. There is some little difficulty in making a young man, for example, draw a distinction between the obligation of an oath taken as a juror and the obligation of an oath taken at the polls on election day, or as a witness in a trial for the violation of an election law. For this reason, additional pains have been requested by which the minority may continue to be the majority.

The principle once being admitted that the sacred right of an American citizen to vote as he sees fit, and to have his vote honestly counted and recorded, may be denied in the case of negro citizens, the moral sense of the people becomes blunted, and they readily yield to the temptation to do a similar thing to compass any other desired end. The violation of the sanctity of the ballot breeds contempt for the binding force of an oath, as is recorded above. Verily, the Southern Bourbons who are sowing the wind will yet reap the whirlwind.

ON July 1 Rhode Island completed her first year under Prohibition. The law has worked as well as could be expected for a beginning. The people are indignant over the lack of

21,390 REPUBLICANS,

FROM EVERY STATE IN THE UNION,

Express Their Preferences for Republican Presidential and Vice-Presidential Candidates in 1888—The Result of the Blade's Canvass.

There has been a very deep interest expressed for months over the Republican Presidential nomination for 1888. Public men have been interviewed, and traveling correspondents have written up their impressions of the state of popular feeling. Political leaders have made the most positive expressions of opinion as to the matter, and newspapers, acting in the interest of different candidates, have declared that their respective favorites were the choice of this or that state.

The only difficulty was, that diametrically opposite opinions were expressed regarding the attitude of the Republicans of the same state and section. It was evident that there was a sad amount of misinformation abroad in the land, probably due to the fact that these outspoken oracles were blinded by personal favoritism.

The BLADE is not, and will not be, committed to the political fortunes of any man. It is Republican in politics, without the shadow of turning. It believes in the people—in the great body of Republican voters, and feels sure that when the time comes for the selection of a standard-bearer for the political struggle next year, the rank and file of the Republican army, through its representatives in the national convention, will select the most available man, and the one most likely to lead our hosts to victory. Among the statesmen who are proud to serve under the glorious banner of Republicanism, there are many who would honor the nation by being called to its highest office. Whoever shall be the choice of the convention shall have the BLADE'S earnest and undivided support. We will support him as the candidate of the party; and until that nomination is made, the BLADE has no candidate. It is the friend of all, the personal partisan of none.

But while we do not deem it necessary to exploit any particular candidate by pressing his claims on the party, and while we shall preserve the most friendly attitude to any and all aspirants for the honor of the nomination, we are not unmindful that it is the office of a newspaper to keep its readers posted upon all political movements. The absorbing question just now to Republicans is, "Who is the choice of the masses of the party for the nomination?" It is a most difficult question to answer; but the BLADE to-day presents the preferences of 21,390 Republican voters, from every state and territory in the Union, save Utah and Alaska.

And the BLADE is probably the only paper in the country that could obtain so large an expression of Republican opinion, and from every division of the United States. Its army of subscribers, 100,000 strong, are of the very bone and sinew of the Republican party. Distributed as they are in every state and territory, we felt that an expression of opinion from them would be indicative of the drift of Republican sentiment in their respective communities. Accordingly, early in May, we called on every *Republican voter* among the readers of the BLADE to send us his own expression of opinion by answering the following questions:

1.—Who is your first choice for the next Republican candidate for the Presidency?

2.—Who is your second choice?

3.—Who is your choice for Vice President?

We have received a grand total of 21,390 replies. We present below the result, tabulated by states. The work of counting and tabulating has been a most arduous one; but we believe the result is worth the labor.

It certainly shows that the Republicans of the nation take a deep and absorbing interest in the Presidential struggle, when almost *one-fourth* of the entire list of subscribers to the Weekly BLADE will take the pains to forward their votes. We sent out no blanks; but each voter sent his preferences without further appeal than that contained in the editorial columns of the paper—and paid his own postage.

In the tables given below, the figures in parenthesis after the word "scattering" show the number of candidates for whom those scattering votes were given.

The vote for "First Choice" is generally the greatest, because frequently votes were given for only that choice. Frequently, also, the first and second choices were for the same candidate. Many votes, too, were for President and Vice President, omitting the second choice.

NEW ENGLAND.

Maine.

1.—First choice for President:

James G. Blaine	108		

2.—Second choice for President:

Blaine	80	Lincoln	4
Sherman	18	Scattering (6)	12
	4		

3.—Choice for Vice President:

Harrison (Indiana)	34	Fairchild	4
Robert T. Lincoln	28	Ingalls	4
Allison	6	Scattering (3)	6
Tyre	4		

New Hampshire.

1.—First choice for President:

Blaine	22	Lincoln	2
Sherman	10	Scattering (3)	3
Total vote			37

2.—Second choice for President:

Sherman	26	Allison	4
Blaine	4	Scattering (3)	3

3.—Choice for Vice-President:

Lincoln	16	Senator Blair	4
Chauncey N. Depew	13	Scattering (2)	2

Vermont.

1.—First choice for President:

Blaine	32	Edmunds	17
Sherman	26	Lincoln	6
Total vote			81

2.—Second choice for President:

Sherman	29	Edmunds	8
Lincoln	17	Evarts	4
Blaine	14	Scattering (3)	3

3.—Choice for Vice President:

Lincoln	28	Depew	5
Hawley	8	Evarts	2
Sherman	7	Scattering (4)	4

Massachusetts.

1.—First choice for President:

Blaine	30	Sherman	5
Lincoln	7	Forsker	2
Total vote			44

2.—Second choice for President:

Sherman	29	Lincoln	2
Blaine	10	Edmunds	2

3.—Choice for Vice President:

Lincoln	21	Depew	3
Long	5	Allison	2
Hawley	4	Evarts	2
Sherman	3		

Rhode Island.

1.—First choice for President:

John Sherman	3	Gen. Sherman	1
Total vote			4

2.—Second choice for President:

Blaine	3	Edmunds	1

3.—Choice for Vice President:

Hawley	3	Gen Sheridan	1

Connecticut.

1.—First choice for President:

Blaine	12	Edmunds	2
Hawley	11	Sherman	2
Lincoln	5	Depew	2
Total vote			34

2.—Second choice for President:

Sherman	20	Edmunds	4
Lincoln	8	Scattering (3)	3
Blaine	6		

3.—Choice for Vice President:

Lincoln	12	Hawley	7
Sherman	8	Forsker	3

Summary for New England.

Blaine	104	Edmunds	19
Sherman	46	All other votes	19
Lincoln	20		
Total vote of New England			308

MIDDLE STATES.

New York.

1.—First choice for President:

Blaine	468	Conkling	6
Sherman	131	Col. Ingersoll	4
Lincoln	21	Edmunds	4
Depew	14	Allison	4
Hawley	13	Scattering (5)	7
Total vote			724

2.—Second choice for President:

Sherman	202	Depew	26
Lincoln	129	Evarts	14
Blaine	120	Hawley	13
Allison	32	Scattering (10)	12
Edmunds	30		

3.—Choice for Vice President:

Morton	286		16
Edmunds	102		12
Hiscock	54		12
Evarts	27		10
Davenport	25		8
Roosevelt	21		6
Scattering (13)	18		25

New Jersey.

1.—First choice for President:

Blaine	72	Lincoln	1
Sherman	8		
Total vote			81

2.—Second choice for President:

Sherman	38	Lincoln	17
Blaine	20	Scattering (3)	5

3.—Choice for Vice President:

Lincoln	30	Sherman	6
Harrison	9	Evarts	3
W. W. Phelps	8	Scattering (7)	7

Pennsylvania.

1.—First choice for President:

Blaine	910	Don Cameron	4
Sherman	214	Windom	4
Lincoln	112	Forsker	3
Allison	6	Evarts	3
Depew	6	Conkling	2
Edmunds	6	Scattering (4)	5
Hawley	5		
Total vote			1,285

2.—Second choice for President:

Sherman	408	Gen. Sheridan	9
Lincoln	186	Depew	8
Blaine	159	Harrison	7
Allison	62	Evarts	7
Forsker	34	Scattering (14)	18
Edmunds	13		

3.—Choice for Vice-President:

Lincoln	620	Hawley	19
Depew	115	Blaine	15
Sherman	78	Don Cameron	14
Evarts	58	Beaver	14
Edmunds	38	Warner Miller	9
Ingalls	28	Conkling	9
Forsker	27	Fairchild	5
Harrison	27	Scattering (20)	21
Allison	25		

Delaware.

1.—First choice for President:

Blaine	8	Edmunds	2
Sherman	2		
Total vote			12

2.—Second choice for President:

Sherman	6	Forsker	2
Blaine	4		

3.—Choice for Vice-President:

Lincoln	4	Blaine	3
Harrison	4	Allison	1

Summary for Middle States.

Blaine	1,458	Lincoln	185
Sherman	355	All other votes	104
Total vote of Middle States			2,102

SOUTHERN STATES.

Maryland.

1.—First choice for President:

Blaine	18	Sherman	5
Harrison	18	Harrison	3
Total vote			64

2.—Second choice for President:

Sherman	34	Allison	9
Blaine	10	Scattering (3)	5

3.—Choice for Vice President:

Lincoln	26	Allison	3
Sherman	4	Davenport	2
Harrison	4	Scattering (7)	7

Virginia.

1.—First choice for President:

Blaine	46	Allison	2
Sherman	37	Conkling	1
Lincoln	4		
Total vote			90

2.—Second choice for President:

Sherman	44	Hiscock	2
Blaine	28	Forsker	2
Lincoln	9	Scattering (3)	3

3.—Choice for Vice President:

Lincoln	47	Depew	4
Mahone	8	Forsker	3
Harrison	5	Goff	2
Allison	4	Scattering (4)	4

North Carolina.

1.—First choice for President:

Blaine	54	Forsker	3
Sherman	23	Gen. Sherman	1
Lincoln	8		
Total vote			89

2.—Second choice for President:

Sherman	19	Allison	5
Blaine	16	Lincoln	2
Oglesby	5	Forsker	2
		Scattering (3)	3

3.—Choice for Vice-President:

Lincoln	45	Alf. Taylor	4
Depew	9	Forsker	3
Hiscock	6	Scattering (6)	12

South Carolina.

1.—First choice for President:

Sherman	10	Blaine	8
Total vote			18

2.—Second choice for President:

Sherman	6	Lincoln	2
Blaine	4		

3.—Choice for Vice President:

Depew	7	Morton	2
Edmunds	4	Sherman	1
Blaine	2		

Georgia.

1.—First choice for President:

Blaine	12	Lincoln	1
Sherman	12		
Total vote			25

2.—Second choice for President:

Sherman	11	Lincoln	5
Blaine	6	Scattering (2)	2

3.—Choice for Vice President:

Lincoln	14	Conkling	1
Allison	7		

Florida.

1.—First choice for President:

Blaine	102	Harrison	2
Sherman	74	Allison	2
Lincoln	19	Edmunds	2
Col. Ingersoll	3		
Total vote			204

2.—Second choice for President:

Sherman	94	Allison	9
Blaine	52	Edmunds	7
Lincoln	20	Scattering (6)	11

3.—Choice for Vice President:

Lincoln	118	Allison	5
Harrison	11	Ingalls	5
Depew	8	Scattering (11)	16

Alabama.

1.—First choice for President:

Blaine	26	Lincoln	2
Sherman	20	Scattering (2)	2
Total vote			50

2.—Second choice for President:

Sherman	26	Lincoln	8
Blaine	8	Scattering (4)	4

3.—Choice for Vice President:

Lincoln	14	Evarts	6
Forsker	11	Scattering (7)	13

Mississippi.

1.—First choice for President:

Blaine	16	Lincoln	8
Sherman	12	Edmunds	1
Total vote			37

2.—Second choice for President:

Sherman	16	Lincoln	6
Blaine	6	Scattering (4)	7

3.—Choice for Vice President:

Lincoln	18	Scattering (3)	6
Sherman	8		

Louisiana.

1.—First choice for President:

Sherman	6	Ingersoll	1
Blaine	4		
Total vote			11

2.—Second choice for President:

Lincoln	4	Scattering (2)	2
Blaine	4		

3.—Choice for Vice President:

Lincoln	4	Scattering (2)	2
Ingalls	4		

Texas.

1.—First choice for President:

Blaine	124	Ingersoll	2
Sherman	59	Evarts	2
Lincoln	20	Edmunds	2
Forsker	3	Gresham	1
Total vote			213

2.—Second choice for President:

Sherman	90	Allison	11
Blaine	38	Edmunds	5
Lincoln	26	Scattering	3

3.—Choice for Vice President:

Lincoln	96	Sherman	12
Allison	26	Harrison	11
Depew	13	Scattering (9)	23

Arkansas.

1.—First choice for President:

Blaine	172	Hawley	4
Sherman	88	Allison	4
Lincoln	38	Scattering (4)	8
Ingalls	6		
Total vote			314

2.—Second choice for President:

Sherman	112	Edmunds	10
Lincoln	68	Forsker	4
Blaine	44	Scattering (4)	10

3.—Choice for Vice President:

Lincoln	116	Forsker	8
Depew	30	Sherman	6
Allison	10	Scattering (10)	13

Missouri.

1.—First choice for President:

Blaine	954	Harrison	10
Sherman	798	Windom	6
Lincoln	370	Fremont	6
Allison	40	VanWyck	5
Evarts	22	Depew	5
Ingersoll	18	Ingalls	4
Gen. Sherman	16	Gresham	4
Oglesby	16	Hiscock	4
		Scattering (6)	11
Total vote			2,280

2.—Second choice for President:

Sherman	902	Ingalls	20
Lincoln	308	Gen. Sherman	18
Blaine	304	Conkling	16
Allison	133	Gresham	16
Evarts	36	Oglesby	15
Edmunds	30	Allison	14
Harrison	28	Van Wyck	12
Forsker	25	Scattering (9)	35

3.—Choice for Vice President:

Lincoln	960	Blaine	56
Allison	126	Hiscock	28
Depew	120	Edmunds	26
Harrison	114	Gen. Sheridan	19
Sherman	101	Henderson	16
Evarts	84	Gresham	14
Ingalls	80	Oglesby	12
Forsker	61	Scattering (21)	43

Tennessee.

1.—First choice for President:

Blaine	252	Allison	2
Sherman	174	Gen. Sheridan	2
Lincoln	39	Scattering (3)	3
Alf. Taylor	2		
Total vote			483

2.—Second choice for President:

Sherman	208	Edmunds	5
Blaine	101	Harrison	4
Lincoln	59	Evarts	2
Allison	22	Alf. Taylor	2
Forsker	11	Scattering (3)	6

3.—Choice for Vice President:

Lincoln	246	Forsker	12
Depew	35	Leland Stanford	11
Evarts	21	Sherman	11
Harrison	17	Hiscock	11
Allison	15	Scattering (13)	55

Kentucky.

1.—First choice for President:

Sherman	254	Lincoln	4
Blaine	160	Gen. Sheridan	3
Evarts	12	Scattering (4)	4
Total vote			437

2.—Second choice for President:

Sherman	146	Depew	7
Blaine	118	Evarts	7
Lincoln	71	Alf. Taylor	4
Allison	13	Scattering (4)	6

3.—Choice for Vice President:

Lincoln	262	Sherman	19
Depew	39	Harrison	16
Evarts	34	Allison	14
		Scattering (10)	20

West Virginia.

1.—First choice for President:

Blaine	292	Goff	4
Sherman	221	Forsker	4
Lincoln	61	Scattering (4)	4
Total			591

2.—Second choice for President:

Sherman	238	Harrison	14
Blaine	104	Depew	10
Lincoln	90	Evarts	10
Allison	36	Scattering (6)	13

3.—Choice for Vice President:

Lincoln	218	Allison	18
Goff	116	Sherman	18
Depew	79	Edmunds	14
Evarts	36	Blaine	14
Forsker	34	Levi P. Morton	10
Harrison	30	Scattering (9)	25

Summary of Southern States.

Blaine	2,280	Lincoln	583
Sherman	1,806	All other votes	247
Total vote of Southern states			4,906

WESTERN STATES.

East of the Mississippi, Including Minnesota.

Ohio.

1.—First choice for President:

Blaine	1114	Forsker	12
Sherman	1042	Edmunds	7
Lincoln	94	Gen. Sheridan	5
Col. Ingersoll	28	Hawley	6
Gen. Sherman	15	Windom	4
Allison	13	Scattering (8)	8
Total vote			2348

2.—Second choice for President:

Sherman	938	Ingalls	13
Blaine	528	Edmunds	11
Forsker	74	Gresham	10
Allison	70	Gen. Sherman	8
Lincoln	52	Gen. Sheridan	7
Depew	29	Evarts	7
Harrison	24	McKinley	4
Hawley	19	Scattering (9)	9

3.—Choice for Vice-President:

Lincoln	548	Goff (W. Va.)	14
Forsker	260	Levi P. Morton	14
Depew	132	Stewart L. Woodford	12
Harrison	102	Foraker	12
Hawley	90	Gresham	10
Allison	80	Windom	10
Sherman	52	Edmunds	10
Evarts	46	Kennedy	6
Blaine	39	Warner Miller	6
Chas. Foster	22	D. R. Locke	6
Ingalls	16	Gen. Sheridan	5
McKinley	16	Scattering (20)	44

Indiana.

1.—First choice for President:

Blaine	354	Allison	6
Sherman	282	Gen. Sherman	4
Lincoln	73	Cutcheon	2
Harrison	64	Scattering	7
Total vote			791

2.—Second choice for President:

Sherman	258	Foraker	14
Lincoln	118	Sheridan	8
Blaine	108	Gen. Sherman	6
Harrison	91	Evarts	4
Allison	32	Scattering (7)	8

3.—Choice for Vice President:

Lincoln	173	Hawley	18
Harrison	90	Blaine	10
A. G. Porter	52	Gresham	9
Depew	39	Evarts	8
Sherman	34	Gen. Sheridan	7
Forsker	24	Edmunds	6
Allison	23	Scattering (10)	14

Michigan.

1.—First choice for President:

Blaine	778	Cutcheon	4
Sherman	306	Gen. Sheridan	3
Lincoln	106	Forsker	2
Algor	9	Hawley	2
Col. Ingersoll	4	Scattering (4)	4
Total vote			1239

2.—Second choice for President:

Sherman	268	Gen. Sheridan	9
Blaine	200	Depew	6
Lincoln	160	Hawley	6
Edmunds	68	Alger	5
Allison	48	Gresham	4
Harrison	19	Scattering (7)	7

3.—Choice for Vice-President:

Lincoln	246	Harrison	20
Depew	39	Blaine	14
Allison	34	Ingalls	10
Alger	32	Evarts	10
Sherman	31	Scattering (21)	43

Illinois.

1.—First choice for President:

Blaine	974	Harrison	15
Sherman	972	Gen. Sherman	12
Lincoln	338	Cullom	8
Allison	37	Gresham	8
Evarts	25	Ingalls	7
Edmunds	19	Forsker	6
		Gresham	6
		Scattering (15)	28
Total vote			2464

2.—Second choice for President:

Sherman	731	Gresham	31
Lincln	389	Cullom	24
Blaine	339	Gen. Sherman	19
Allison	129	Ingalls	18
Harrison	78	Hawley	16
Evarts	64	Oglesby	14
Edmunds	58	Forsker	8
		Scattering (12)	48

3.—Choice for Vice President:

Lincoln	750	Stewart Woodford	33
Harrison	253	Cullom	32
Evarts	120	Gresham	31
Sherman	118	Oglesby	27
Depew	104	Forsker	23
Allison	84	D. R. Locke	14
Blaine	74	Hiscock	12
Hawley	40	Gen. Sheridan	11
Edmunds	34	Scattering (23)	79
Ingalls	34		

Wisconsin.

1.—First choice for President:

Blaine	238	Gov. Rusk	15
Sherman	184	Gen. Sherman	9
Lincoln	56	Fairchild	7
Col. Ingersoll	30	Edmunds	7
Allison	17	Scattering (7)	7
Total vote			569

2.—Second choice for President:

Sherman	211	Gen. Sherman	12
Blaine	102	Edmunds	10
Lincoln	81	Fairchild	8
Col. Ingersoll	31	Harrison	4
Evarts	22	Gresham	4
Rusk	14	Scattering (4)	4
Allison	13		

3.—Choice for Vice President:

Lincoln	220	Forsker	13
Rusk	52	Blaine	12
Fairchild	38	Hawley	6
Depew	32	Edmunds	5
Harrison	32	Hepburn	5
Sherman	31	Gresham	5
C. B. Reynolds	30	Sawyer	4
Allison	13	Scattering (4)	7

Minnesota.

1.—First choice for President:

Blaine	310	Allison	6
Sherman	125	Windom	5
Lincoln	58	Fairchild	5
Edmunds	12	Forsker	2
Gen. Sherman	8	Scattering (3)	5
Total vote			536

2.—Second choice for President:

Sherman	205	Harrison	21
Lincoln	89	Edmunds	14
Blaine	73	Forsker	7
Allison	33	Hawley	6
Windom	22	Scattering (10)	22

3.—Choice for Vice President:

Lincoln	182	Edmunds	14
Sherman	46	Hawley	10
Windom	39	Fairchild	8
Depew	32	Blaine	8
Harrison	24	Ingalls	4
Allison	24	Scattering (6)	14
Forsker	21		

Summary of the Above States.

Blaine	3768	Lincoln	724
Sherman	2911	Other votes	544
Total vote of those states			7947

WESTERN STATES,

West of the Mississippi, Including Pacific Slope.

Iowa.

1.—First choice for President:

Blaine	417	Lincoln	90
Sherman	183	Hawley	6
Allison	133	Scattering (5)	5
Total vote			834

2.—Second choice for President:

Allison	203	Forsker	12
Sherman	110	Edmunds	10
Blaine	98	Harrison	9
Lincoln	79	Scattering (8)	29

3.—Choice for Vice President:

Lincoln	272	Depew	38
Allison	128	Forsker	20
Sherman	70	Wilson (Iowa)	16
Harrison	45	Scattering (22)	108
Blaine	38		

Kansas.

1.—First choice for President:

Blaine	1267	Depew	18
Sherman	751	Gen Sherman	15
Lincoln	443	Col. Ingersoll	14
Ingalls	74	Evarts	14
Allison	34	Scattering (18)	56
Edmunds	18		
Total vote			2696

2.—Second choice for President:

Sherman	898	Forsker	22
Blaine	558	Gen. Sherman	20
Lincoln	282	Gen. Sheridan	18
Allison	162	Gen. Sheridan	16
Ingalls	84	Windom	14
Harrison	46	Plumb	12
Edmunds	34	Scattering (14)	54
Evarts	30		

3.—Choice for Vice President:

Lincoln	726	Anderson	41
Ingalls	374	Plumb	34
Harrison	166	Gresham	15
Allison	122	Hawley	15
Depew	120	Gen. Sheridan	14
Sherman	102	Fairchild	12
Forsker	57	Martin	12
Evarts	47	Crawford	10
Blaine	45	D. R. Locke	10
Edmunds	44	Scattering (31)	63

Nebraska.

1.—First choice for President:

Blaine	433	Edmunds	8
Sherman	263	Harrison	6
Lincoln	81	Forsker	4
Allison	43	Oglesby	4
Gen. Sherman	13	Scattering (5)	7
Total vote			862

2.—Second choice for President:

Sherman	390	Hawley	8
Lincoln	351	Forsker	8
Blaine	107	Edmunds	6
Allison	97	Van Wyck	6
Harrison	18	Scattering (12)	26

3.—Choice for Vice President:

Lincoln	351	Evarts	14
Allison	60	Blaine	14
Harrison	54	Hawley	12
Depew	46	Edmunds	11
Sherman	45	Read	6
Ingalls	29	Scattering (14)	32

Colorado.

1.—First choice for President:

Blaine	207	Conkling	6
Sherman	49	Allison	4
Lincoln	40	Scattering (5)	5
Total vote			311

2.—Second choice for President:

Sherman	53	Edmunds	8
Blaine	51	Depew	6
Lincoln	50	Forsker	5
Allison	30	Scattering (7)	9

3.—Choice for Vice President:

Lincoln	112	Edmunds	8
Harrison	29	Ingalls	6
Depew	25	Hawley	6
Evarts	18	Forsker	6
Allison	14	Blaine	4
Sherman	13	Scattering (9)	9
Teller	12		

Nevada.

1.—First choice for President:

Blaine	44	Sherman	4
Total vote			48

2.—Second choice for President:

Lincoln	26	Edmunds	5
Sherman	9	Blaine	1

3.—Choice for Vice President:

Lincoln	6	Depew	3
Hawley	5	Blaine	2
Evarts	4	Scattering (2)	2

Oregon.

1.—First choice for President:

Blaine	281	Edmunds	3
Sherman	99	Allison	3
Lincoln	29	Scattering (4)	4
Col. Ingersoll	6		
Total vote			425

2.—Second choice for President:

Sherman	159	Edmunds	6
Blaine	55	Gen. Sherman	4
Allison	32	Gresham	3
Lincoln	26	Scattering (7)	11
Stanford	6		

3.—Choice for Vice President:

Lincoln	142	Foraker	11
Sherman	26	Sen. Mitchell	10
Depew	23	Fairchild	9
Allison	19	Alger	8
Harrison	13	Scattering (13)	19

California.

1.—First choice for President:

Blaine	269	Allison	4
Sherman	43	Scattering (5)	5
Lincoln	13		
Total vote			334

2.—Second choice for President:

Sherman	157	Stanford	15
Blaine	52	Hawley	13
Lincoln	28	Scattering (9)	19
Allison	26		

3.—Choice for Vice President:

Lincoln	139	Allison	14
Depew	32	Foraker	11
Sherman	22	Ingalls	11
Harrison	21	Blaine	6
Stanford	16	Scattering (7)	15

Summary of Above States.

Blaine	2918	Lincoln	656
Sherman	1389	Other votes	546
Total vote of these states			5510

THE TERRITORIES.

Although the inhabitants of the territories of the United States and the District of Columbia cannot vote for Presidential electors, they take as deep an interest in the coming contest as their fellow-citizens of the states.

Dakota.

1.—First choice for President:

Blaine	255	Ingalls	4
Sherman	71	Edmunds	4
Lincoln	23	Scattering (5)	5
Allison	6		
Total vote			370

2.—Second choice for President:

Sherman	98	Edmunds	10
Blaine	46	Sheridan	4
Lincoln	37	Fairchild	4
Allison	22	Scattering (4)	6

3.—Choice for Vice President:

Lincln	201	Hawley	6
Sherman	47	Depew	6
Allison	29	Forsker	5
Edmunds	11	Scattering (14)	29
Blaine	7		

Montana.

1.—First choice for President:

Blaine	17	Lincoln	4
Allison	15	Ingersoll	4
Total vote	7		47

2.—Second choice for President:

Sherman	11	Reynolds	4
Lincoln	9	Scattering (5)	5

3.—Choice for Vice President:

The Household.

MISS EMILY S. BOUTON . . . . EDITOR

HOME TALKS.

HER QUESTION ANSWERED.

Should a young lady allow a gentleman, whom she is quite well acquainted with, to place his arm around her waist while walking home from a party—it being quite dark?—DEWDROP.

My young friend, your question contains its own answer in its final words. There is in your own mind a serious doubt about the propriety of allowing such a privilege to one who has no claim upon you other than that of an acquaintance, albeit he is one you know well, expressed in the clause, "it being quite dark." So your query resolves itself into this: Should you receive a caress from one who is not confessedly your lover or husband, if it be given in the dark when no one can find it out? Most emphatically, you should not!

An old proverb, I believe it comes from the French, reads, in plain English, something in this way; When you are in doubt, *don't*. That is, when you are not sure as to the right or wrong of a contemplated action, or as to its propriety or impropriety in a moral point of view, it is better not to do the questionable thing even though you may afterwards become assured that it was not improper, than to take a step which may bring you intense regret, and perhaps sorrow. And to nothing does this apply with more force than to your social intercourse with the opposite sex.

Of course you would not allow such a familiarity to one toward whom you were not pleasantly inclined. You may not be "in love" in the common acceptation of the term, but your feeling is something beyond indifference, and may very easily grow into something stronger. And there is where the danger comes in. Yes, danger, for no matter how good and pure you may be, nor how confident in your own strength to resist all temptation, this caress, this magnetic touch of one who is personally agreeable to you will tend to arouse emotions in your heart that should slumber until the real Prince comes whose right, through his acknowledged and proven love for you, to ask for such privileges is undoubted, and to whom it will be your glory to yield them. Until then, until you are certain it is he, guard yourself from such a familiarity, refuse to receive such a caress from any man, no matter how well you may be acquainted with him. If he seeks your love honorably, it will be time enough for you when you have accepted it, to allow him to put his arm around you. If it is only a mere pastime, such as young men frequently indulge in, then you certainly do not want to grant him a privilege like that. He may mean you no shadow of harm, but personal familiarity, founded upon no relation that makes it sacred, is always unsafe. Many a young girl would have saved herself a lifetime agony had she steadfastly repelled these advances, however innocent at first their meaning.

There is nothing, my young friend, that you should guard so scrupulously as your own womanly delicacy. Brush the bloom off from a peach, rudely touch the waxen petals of a lily and half of their beauty is gone. It is impossible for you, or any other woman, to allow yourself to be caressed by your young men acquaintances, without losing somewhat of that purity and modesty that you should wear always as a queen her robes of royalty. You will be sure then to preserve, not only their respect, but what is of far more importance, that of self.

Nor need this preservation of personal dignity savor one whit of prudery. You can be just as bright, as merry and friendly while saying by your manner—should it be necessary—"hands off," as you can possibly be by permitting these sentimental demonstrations. They are not necessary to the good comradeship, which is all that should exist or appear to exist between you and any masculine friend, until you are sure that you possess the true and tender love of the one man who has made himself your heart's king, a love which holds you sacred, as every true man holds the woman he would make his wife and the mother of his children. And believe me, even if you are not yet certain that this Prince loves you as you desire to be loved by him, he will not be any easier won should you yield to caresses prompted by a passing mood, but rather repelled from you, for it is human nature not to value what is easily or cheaply obtained.

The freedom which girls in this country are allowed, compared to the strict supervision exercised over them upon the other side of the water—a supervision that would make such a question as yours needless—has been the subject of much and grave discussion, as to which method makes the nobler and truer woman. To my mind there is no question but that our own way is much the better. Of course I do not mean that parents should allow their daughters to run wild, but by teaching them the self-respect that renders them able to take care of themselves, as I want you, my young friend, to take care of yourself, they will develop into women, intelligent, responsible, capable of standing alone, women who are not dolls nor weak incapables, ready to succumb to the first temptation. And this self-reliance is the more necessary with each succeeding year, for the number of girls and women who either must, or who desire to go out into the world to work side by side with men, multiply.

I was reading a letter from a New York correspondent, published, I think, in the Cleveland *Leader*, recent ly which bears somewhat upon this subject. The writer had been visiting the different institutions established for women who are friendless but self-dependent, and one whose life work had been always with the class, said: "Temptation and vice fall harmlessly away from a girl of proper training and instincts, no matter where or how she is placed." And again:

"It all depends on the girl" is the phrase that was used in every place that I went, by both men and women, and there were those who argued that to weak girls there is as much danger in a village as a city. Ninety-nine in every hundred young women who come to town, at once find some nest to make their home, if it is only a room, and immediately connect themselves with some church or association. In this they differ radically from the young men who leave home rather than seek it as soon as they are despondent or in trouble.

"There is more complaint of misadventures, and insults, and narrow escapes by foreign girls than by Americans," said a lady in charge of a humane institution, "and in every case I have heard of the trouble was due to the stupidity and slow brain movement of the girl. Yesterday some young man met a German girl whom we are helping. He told her she was the image of his dead wife and asked for her name and address. She gave him both at once. Is it any wonder such girls have adventure? I never knew an American girl of healthy brain who would not have been too smart for that young man."

That is it. It is not the strong, intelligent and self-reliant girl that gets into trouble, not the girl who can be bright and pleasant with those gentlemen who have a claim upon her acquaintance, but can repel all approaches from others, and not only that, but can resist all familiarities that tend to diminish her womanly strength and modesty, and bring her finally into contempt. And when you think what I have said over carefully, I think you will be in no doubt as to what is the wise conclusion.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

Fancy Work and Household Decoration.

Book Shelves.—One of the most homelike and pleasant articles of furniture is well-filled book shelves or a book case. Everybody cannot buy the latter article, but almost any one can have some plain pine shelves made, and then stain and trim them, with very small expense. You do not need to have more than three or four. Varnish them with shellac dissolved in alcohol. You can stain them first, if you like, with logwood or with venetian red and lampblack mixed with alcohol. The shelves may be left entirely white, only coloring the ends. Tack pinked leather across the edges with silver-headed nails. Or narrow strips of crimson felt may be used. Cover the top shelf with crimson Canton flannel well fitted, and tack a piece above with silver-headed nails say the length of the shelves and about twelve inches high. This will serve as a back ground for the bric-a-brac placed upon the top shelf. Get a small brass rod such as come for such purposes and put across for the curtains. If you cannot get this rod,—though in a place of any size, there is no difficulty—use heavy wire. The curtains will be pretty made of China silk. These should be kept apart unless when the room is not occupied.

Shelves for brick-a-brac can be put upon the side wall, with only the expense of the brackets to hold them, and these can be bought for 15 and 20 cents a pair. Cover the shelves with canton flannel before putting them up, and then trim them around the edges with broad lace or pinked felt stripes. A pretty scarf draped to one side will be very pretty. A decorative catch-all, or receptacle for burnt matches, to hang in a corner, is made by taking the rivet out of a Japanese fan and running a cord in place of it to tie the sticks together over a tin or pasteboard cornucopia. Bright ribbons are woven in and out of the sticks, which should be black, and a bow with long loops hangs from the point, while a ruche of fringed silk or quilted satin ribbon finishes the top.—[ED.

LIQUID STAMPING—"Abbie" wished to know how to do liquid stamping. Lay your pattern, smooth side up, on the goods to be stamped, fasten so it will not slip. Take common white lead, thinned with linseed oil, the consistency of cream, then with pallette knife or thin table knife spread over the design (clean the pattern with benzine or turpentine.) This will not rub off as the powder, and is nice for embroidery or painting.—MRS. GARWOOD.

CARPET STRIPES—Some one wanted stripe for carpet; will send some. For the center yellow and green twisted, use 3 threads, then 2 or 3 of red, 2 of black, 2 of orange, 7 of blue, 2 of gray, 5 of green, 6 of cutch, 3 of dark green, 2 of orange, 2 of twisted. For dark stripe, 6 of black, 6 of sheeps gray, 16 of hit or miss,(hit or miss for center.) Another: 4 threads of scarlet for center nett, 2 of black then 2 of orange, 5 of blue, 2 of dull red, made by coloring light gray red, 3 of yellow and pale green twisted, 2 of black, 4 of dark green, 4 of light green, 3 of black and white twisted, 2 of orange. For dark strip 7 of black, 10 of cutch, 2 of green, 3 of black, 3 of blue, 2 of cutch and 3 threads of twisted yellow and green for the center, which was made of green that was spoilt by mistake in coloring and made in a sage green and by twisting it with yellow makes a good stripe.—A READER.

Knitting and Crocheting.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind; t t o, throw thread over; b, bind; o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; el ch st, close chain stitch; d c st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; c t st., crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o s st, open shell stitch; s c, short crochet.

Fluted Edging—Some one asked for directions for making fluted edging. Try this way: Cast ten stitches on the needle. 1st row—k plain across. 2d row—p 7—turn and slip first stitch, and k 6 plain. 3d row—p 7—k 3. 4th row—k plain. 5th row—p 7—turn—sl 1—k 6—plain. The three stitches at top are knit plain all the time, making a regular garter stitch. The seven lower stitches are worked by knitting toward the top, and knit plain when going toward the bottom for five rows, or till the flute is as wide as you wish. Then the order is reversed, knitting plain toward the top and purl toward the bottom for the same number of rows. This makes one flute plain and the next purled. The trimming can be varied by making a row of holes in each flute by throwing the thread forward.—MRS. G. C. W., Toledo, O.

Shell Edge Diamond Lace.—Cast on 32 stitches. 1st row—sl 1—k 2—o—n—k 2—n—[o—k 3—o—n—k 3—n]—repeat directions enclosed in the brackets—o—k 2—o—k 1. 2d row—plain until only three remain the needle then o—n—k 1—(33 stitches). 3d row—sl 1—k 2—o—n—k 1—n—[o—k 5—o—n—k 1—n]—repeat—o—k 4—o—k 1. 4th row—like 2d. 5th row—sl 1—k 2—o—n—n—[o—k 7—o—sl 1—n—pass the slipped stitch over]—repeat—o—k 6—o—k 1. 6th row—like 2d—(35 stitches). 7th row—sl 1—k 2—o—n—k 2—[o—n—k 3—n—n—k 3]—repeat—o—n—k 5—o—k 1. 8th row—like 2d—(37 stitches). 11th row—sl 1—k 2—o—n—k 4—(o—sl—n—pass the slipped stitch over—n—k 7)—repeat—o—narrow same with right hand needle pass the second stitch on the left hand needle, over the first one, so continue until but one stitch remain on the needle, knit that 12th row—like the 2d—(32 stitches). I know this to be right as I have just finished a piece.—E. S. H.

Correspondence.

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

I am thinking to-day of to-morrow,
With its burdens to carry of sorrow
And trouble.

I am waiting to-day for to-morrow
Full of blessings and hopes—I'll not borrow
Its trouble.

So it's always to-day, *not* to-morrow;
Forever beyond us, those burdens of sorrow
And trouble.

—LOUISE HOUGHTON, Warsaw, N. Y.

VISITORS (A SUGGESTION)—SATURDAY CALLERS.—Last Saturday morning, when Edna and Birdie had been assigned their Saturday's work, something occurred which annoyed me in no slight degree.

Now, be it known, my little ones—Birdie, aged 12, and Edna, two years younger, are good little helps, not to mistrances; Birdie can make a bed and sweep first-rate, for such a little body, and both have a great knack (it came by practice, however, not naturally) of putting everything in order, dusting and washing dishes, and a child that you can depend upon to do these things thoroughly is a treasure.

Saturday morning usually finds a house full of work, and last Saturday was no exception to the rule,. Therefore, when breakfast was over, and I had told the children what I expected of them, I was dismayed to find at the front door, arrayed in their best, the Misses Niltons. They had come, they informed me, to spend the day. These children, about the age of mine, never had been taught to help their mother. She told me it was far more work to teach them than to do the work herself. By the way, is it not every mother's duty to teach her children to work, whether it be a trouble or not? Mrs. Nilton's children attended school during the week, and on Saturday she was glad to get them away to spend the day, for, she said, she couldn't work when the children were around bothering.

But they were very exacting little guests, and if their hostess did not drop everything to entertain them, they would be insulted and depart in wrath. Knowing this I was compelled to tell them the children had the smallpox, and, as it was "catchin" they must stay away. But, alas! it always sets hard with me to tell fibs, so I called Edna and Birdie, who were working like bees in the kitchen; then I sat down to think of what I should do next.

If they had gone away from the house to play I could have proceeded bravely, but these little folks were of the kind that make so much work.

"Well I must do the best I can," I concluded as I went to work on the unfinished dishwashing.

Just then I heard voices from the sitting-room: "What shall we play next? What shall we play next, Birdie?" Lella asked plaintively.

A sudden thought! It was Heaven that wrought and sent the inspiration.

Going into the sitting room, which was already a scene of confusion, I said: "Children, do you want a new game?"

"Yes! yes!" was the answer.

"Well, I will give you one that I played when I was a little girl. Edna, get me a sheet of paper, please."

Cutting the paper into small strips I wrote a word on each, then I selected four, and laying them on a book, blank side up, I told the children to draw.

"Sofa," Lella read from her slip, "Carpet." "Chairs," and "What Not," read the others.

"Now what?" asked Birdie.

"What word is written on your slip?" I asked, in reply.

"Carpet."

"Take the broom and see how quickly you can sweep it clean. Yours, Lella, is 'sofa.' You must rid it off before Birdie sweeps and afterwards, dust it carefully; Edna, your share in the game is to dust the chairs, and yours, Lulu, is to attend to the what-not; Edna can help you with it after she dusts the chairs, as it is quite a task to wipe the dust off all the books and ornaments."

"What a funny game!" cried Lella, but Birdie was sweeping and she concluded to go to work too.

The principal thing in keeping little people happy is to keep them busy, and a few moments later, when I looked in as I passed the door, I found them talking merrily over the "new game."

"When you get through with that," I said, "you can draw again; you will find four slips on the clock-shelf."

Just as I was taking the golden butter from the churn, they came running in.

"Oh, mamma," cried Edna; "Lella, Birdie and I drew the same—'windows,' and Lulu drew 'doors.'

"Well, dear, you know where the water, soap and cloths for washing and drying are kept. Loan Lella and Lulu a couple of gingham aprons and 'go ahead.'"

"Oh, we are to wash them!" exclaimed Lella in an enlightened tone. "What fun! Mamma will never allow us to work around water; she says we muss so!"

"You must be careful," I said, adding mentally, "I don't think it will hurt you any more than making soap-bubbles, as I have seen you do, often at your home."

My plan succeeded well. While I moulded the butter, baked bread, cake and pies, and mopped the kitchen floor, the children went from one room to another, sweeping, dusting, straightening, washing windows and wood-work until they assured me that their arms ached.

I was now wondering how I should keep them employed till 5 o'clock, the hour set for the children's departure.

They were as busy as bees until 1 o'clock. I do not think they would have worked so steadily but that, at every 'draw,' they were not only entitled to the work the slip designated, but to a little card also. The most of these were advertisement cards which I had saved at various times, and which the children pronounced, "perfectly beautiful!"

I did not want them to put in the rest of the day at work, but I was afraid to 'turn them loose,' for I knew from sad experience that they could undo in an hour's time all they had accomplished.

Finally, after considerable thought, I wrote a word on four more slips and told them to draw again.

"More work?" asked Birdie, with a suspicious quaver in her voice; evidently she was disappointed.

"Yes," I said, firmly. They drew. "Three," Birdie read. "Three, three, three," repeated the others. "Three," I echoed, as I counted three pennies into each little hand.

"Now, I think you would better go to town and buy some candy."

"Oh!" they cried, simultaneously, "we thought it was work."

"So it is," I said, thinking of the four miles they would have to walk—for we lived two miles from town.

"Perhaps it is too far for you to walk, girls, since you have to go home at 5."

"Oh! no indeed," they cried in chorus; and they were soon on their way.

When they came back, about 4 o'clock, I was sitting out under the old elm tree, darning stockings. They came and sat beside me, sharing their peppermint drops and telling stories and riddles. At 5 o'clock they started for home.

"Tell your mamma you did a great deal of work," I said, as I bade them good bye. And that night I thanked God that He had given me strength to be patient and kind, without neglect to my household.—KATE FRISBEE.

THE DISCOURAGED GIRL.—I think I know just how weary and discouraged Lena Walla feels sometimes. I am not yet 25, and have been mother less and sole housekeeper nine years.

She asks if her father does right? That depends entirely on his circumstances. If he has ready money she is entitled to a generous share of it.

But if he is straining every nerve to meet some obligation, she should be very glad to be able to lighten his load. I have for the past two years bought my clothing and father's, too, with butter and poultry, doing the milking and churning myself, and felt amply repaid by the assurance that there were no unpaid store bills.

It is true that to have hired her work done would have costs him $50, or herhaps $100, but is she willing to do no more for him than a stranger would do? Do your very best, and remember George Elliot's words: "It is never our tenderness that we repent of but our severity."

"Lena" asks for advice. Here it is: Tried and found good. The next time you grow dissatistied stop and look around you and see if there is even one girl of your acquaintance with whom you would exchange lots, then brighten up your old patch reader and read "Discontent," an allegory, by Addison, and my word for it, "Lena," you will realize that the Providence which placed upon you the burden you now carry, made a wiser and kinder selection than you could have done.

And now, despite all this advice, you have my hearty sympathy, for I know that the path of a motherless girl is a rough one and she must learn to get along without a great deal of love and appreciation that might otherwise have been hers.—LOUELLA M.

WANTS TO KNOW.—As I have been greatly interested in reading the letters relating to Woman's Work, I will venture a few remarks of my own. I heartily agree with "Skipper" in all she says. I, too, want to know why a woman can do to make money and stay at home. It is all very well for some one to say raise poultry, sell eggs, raise strawberries; but I tell you it will not do everywhere. Here we can readily dispose of all of the above named articles, but the trouble lies in getting nothing for them. Last year, owing to the quantity raised, strawberries sold for 8 cents per quart before the season was half over, and as we do not live close to a large city we only get about $1.50 to $1.75 per dozen for young chickens, and at present 8 cents for eggs, so you see we cannot realize a fortune at such work. Indeed, we do not get pay for the work we do, to say nothing of the articles themselves. Of course it may be different with some of you, who live near a large market, but we cannot all live there and it is to be hoped that something can be thought of that will be a benefit to the more unfortunate sisters. Carpet weaving seems to pay better for women here than any thing else, but we are not all weavers.—MRS. R. C. SHUMAKER, Mound Valley, Kan.

TRAINING CHILDREN.—There seems to be a great difference of opinion in regard to training children. In the first place parents should learn to train themselves. Children are nearly always second editions of self. Should we put as much time and power to work in training children as we do in training thoroughbred horses, we might make some advancement. Men generally shirk the responsibility altogether.

It is nothing but natural that people should meet their own meanness in their children, thus proving the old adage that "Every sin brings its own punishment." It is a notorious fact that children who eat the bread of bitterness when young and have no sympathy shown them, rise rapidly to the top, while children who are pampered and petted never amount to anything. The coaxing process ought to be condemned. The penitentiaries are full of people spoiled by coaxing.—MRS. B. BURGESS.

Inquiries.

Will not some of the readers tell through the BLADE of something that will exterminate the currant worm and not destroy the currants? Don't wait for some one else to speak. It is by so doing that many questions of benefit to the public remain unanswered.—MRS. H. D. A.

Will some one please answer through the BLADE how to make paper flowers, such as roses, buds, poppies, etc.—A. M.

Will some kind reader of the BLADE tell me of a sure cure for freckles? Also, how to make my hands white? How can I break myself of the habit of eating my finger nails?—ANNIE LAURIE.

In the BLADE, of June 2, Mrs. J. L. Evans forgets to give her postoffice address. Would like some seed of the marble vine but can't send for want of address.—LOVE OF FLOWERS.

Mrs. Evans, my sister, Lillie Sherwood, followed your directions and did succeed. Can some one send me the song containing these words:

"Oh, yes 'twas in the Autumn
When the apples boughs were red,
I walked across the valley,
Sweet Jennie Brown to wed."

—MRS. JENNIE LUNDERY, Orleans, Neb.

Can any one tell me where I can get a Reed and Harness for weaving rag carpets, about forty inches wide?—MRS. AMELIA WARNER, Martin county, Minn.

Will some one of the readers of the BLADE tell me how to clean velvet that is soiled. —Mrs. J. C. B.

Will some kind reader of the BLADE send a shell stitch in crochet for a large shoulder cape?—GRACE.

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To the many inquiring for a good climate for those suffering from throat and lung troubles I would recommend Arizona. Consumptives make a great mistake in going to California, especially to San Francisco, or any place on the coast, as the harsh winds and heavy fogs peculiar to the coast in California are very trying to such cases. In other respects Southern California is almost a paradise, and very healthy. As it was my home for 20 years I know whereof I speak. But my only son at the age of nineteen contracted consumption there, and we were compelled to leave on his account, coming to Arizona, where he regained his health. He has visited the coast only once in the six years he has been in Arizona territory, and while he thought it benefited him he hurried back. The air here is very dry and pure, and will benefit all who come in time. The winters are mild, and although it gets quite warm in summer, we have no sunstroke or prostrations from heat as they have in the East. To all who, like myself, are afraid to use hair dyes with lead in them I would say the young friend of mine—who is prematurely gray—has used hickorynut oil with satisfactory results. It is an excellent hair dressing as well as restorative.—MRS. AMY WALBRIDGE, Casa Grande, Ariz. Ter.

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Boiled Onions.—Put your onions in cold water and let them boil until tender, adding a very little salt. When tender, drain off the water, add butter, a very little pepper (or omit the pepper as some do not use it) and cover with milk or cream if you have it. Let it just come to a boil, and serve immediately. Do not let it boil, as that will spoil the whole. Try it. Your onions will be delicious.

Furniture Polish—Equal quantities of linseed oil and turpentine. Apply with a soft cloth or brush and rub thoroughly with canton flannel or chamois skin. I have used the recipe for 23 years, and know them to be good.—COUSIN BESSIE.

Doughnuts—I will send Mrs. J. W. R. my recipe for making doughnuts: 2 cupfuls of sugar, 3 eggs, 2 cupfuls of buttermilk; 2 teaspoonfuls of saleratus; ½ cupful of lard or butter; ½ teaspoonful of cinnaman; same of salt. If kept in a covered jar will keep moist some time. Can divide the recipe if too large. This makes a large panful when cooked.—MRS. G. N. WILLETT.

English Crumpets.—To 1 qt. of milk add ½ cupful of yeast, 1 teaspoonful of salt, and flour to make a stiff batter; let rise, and add ¼ cupful of melted butter; let stand 20 minutes and bake in rings.

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Good Liniament.—For Mrs. Nixon.—Oil organum, oil cedar, tincture capsicum, gum camphor, each 1 oz., alcohol 1 pint, mix. For Mrs. Y. H.—Can eat pumpkin stewed down till it looks dark colored, sift, put in salt, sugar and ginger as for pies; put it on the stove, heat it as hot as possible, put it in cans and seal as any other fruit.

To Can Corn.—Cut from the cob, pack in cans (I use glass jars) as firmly as possible, seal jars tight, pack them in a wash-boiler after wrapping each jar separately with a cloth pinned on, cover nearly over with cold water, put cover on the boiler and boil four hours, let stand in water till partly cool, then try each cap to see that it is tight, and set away in a cool place.—SUSAN.

Boiled Onions.—Put your onions in cold water and let them boil until tender, adding a very little salt. When tender, drain off the water, add butter, a very little pepper (or omit the pepper as some do not use it) and cover with milk or cream if you have it. Let it just come to a boil, and serve immediately. Do not let it boil, as that will spoil the whole. Try it. Your onions will be delicious.

Furniture Polish—Equal quantities of linseed oil and turpentine. Apply with a soft cloth or brush and rub thoroughly with canton flannel or chamois skin. I have used the recipe for 23 years, and know them to be good.—COUSIN BESSIE.

Doughnuts—I will send Mrs. J. W. R. my recipe for making doughnuts: 2 cupfuls of sugar, 3 eggs, 2 cupfuls of buttermilk; 2 teaspoonfuls of saleratus; ½ cupful of lard or butter; ½ teaspoonful of cinnaman; same of salt. If kept in a covered jar will keep moist some time. Can divide the recipe if too large. This makes a large panful when cooked.—MRS. G. N. WILLETT.

English Crumpets.—To 1 qt. of milk add ½ cupful of yeast, 1 teaspoonful of salt, and flour to make a stiff batter; let rise, and add ¼ cupful of melted butter; let stand 20 minutes and bake in rings.

Our Young Folks.

BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION.

MOTTO: "Of Ourselves We Will be Masters."

Pledge:

We do hereby promise ourselves that, from this time until we are 21 years old, we will not taste intoxicating liquors of any kind, and that we will exert all our influence to prevent their use by others. Witness our names:

MULBERRY GROVE, KAS.	Ora Roberts	Glenn Roberts
Maud Allen	Lulu Anderson	Grace Roberts
Mamie Brown	Minnie Bishop	Nettie Vaugn
Willie Brown	Ida Bangs	Gracie Vaughn
Mary Barber	Claud Barkdull	Cora Walker
George Barber	Charlie Bankhill	Frances Walker
Julia Barber	Laura Bevans	Bessie Weiss
Nina Dickey	Clyde Deffebaugh	Lulu Wells
Mary Davis	Jennie Duncan	Nellie Van Dusen
Anna Clarada	Allee Cole	Hattie Stewart
May Clarada	Johnnie Crafton	Emma Taylor
Joe Clarada	Amy Gilmour	Frances Taylor
Lydie Howard	Frank Grinstim	Harry Taylor
Willie Howard	C Humphrey	Willie Shaw
Nattie Howard	Charley Hunter	Bertha Tuthill
Minnie Howard	Jamie Hunter	Rob

The Farm.

THE HORSEBACK RIDE.

When troubles in spirit, weary of life,
When I faint 'neath its burdens, and shrink from its strife;
When its fruits, turned to ashes, are mocking my taste,
And of the fairest scenes seems but a desolate waste,
Then come ye not near me, my sad heart to cheer,
With friendship's soft accents, or sympathy's tear,—
No pity I ask, and no counsel I need,
But bring me, O bring me my gallant young steed,
With his high-arched neck, and his nostrils spread wide,
His eyes full of fire, and his step full of pride!
As I spring to his back, as I seize the strong rein,
The strength of my spirit returneth again!
The bonds are all broken that fettered my mind,
And my cares, borne away on the wings of the wind;
My pride lifts its head, for a moment bowed down,
And the queen in my nature now puts on her crown!

Now we're off, like the wind to the plains whence they came,
And the rapture of motion is thrilling my frame!
On, on speeds my courser, scarce printing the sod,
Scarce crushing a daisy to mark where he trod!
On, on like a deer, when the hound's early bay
Awakes the wild echoes, away and away!
With fleet, bounding feather, he leaps at my cheer,
Till the rush of the startled air whirs in my ear!
Now long a clear rivulet lieth his track—
See his glancing hoofs tossing the white pebbles back!

Now a glen, dark as midnight—what matter? we'll down,
Though shadows are round us, and rocks o'er us frown!
The wild branches shake as we're hurrying through,
And deck us with spangles of silvery dew!

What a wild thought of triumph, that this girlish hand
Such a steed in the might of his strength may command!
What a glorious creature! Ah! glance at him now
As I check him awhile on this green hillock's brow!
How he tosses his mane, with a shrill, joyous neigh,
And paws the firm earth in his proud, stately play!
Hurrah! off again, dashing on as in fire,
Till the long, flinty pathway is flashing with flame!
Not a stitch!—Shall we pause? No; the bold leap we dare,
Like a swift-winged arrow we rush through the air!

O, not all the pleasures that poets may praise,
Not the withering waltz in the ball-room's blaze,
Nor the chivalrous joust, nor the daring race,
Nor the swift regatta, nor merry chase,
Nor the sail high heaving the waters o'er,
Nor the rural dance on the moonlight shore,
Can the wild and thrilling joy unfold
Of a fearless leap on a fiery steed.

—*Grace Greenwood.*

Information Wanted.

M. A. P., Romeo, Mich.:—To sweeten a cider barrel that has become musty, pour hot water into it, and after standing well, pour the water out of the barrel. Then take a piece of pasteboard half an inch wide and six inches long. Dip this into liquid sulphur, and then set it afire. While burning, quickly put the burning pasteboard and sulphur into the barrel through the bung hole. As soon as it is in the hole, close it up with the bung. The sulphur match will burn all the foulness out of the barrel.—ED.]

Wm. B. King, Illinois.—For the distemper in your horse, take of hops, 2 ounces; carbolic acid, 30 drops; boiling water, 2 gallons. Steep the hops and carbolic acid with the boiling water, and compel the animal to inhale the steam for 15 or 20 minutes at a time; repeat three times a day. Apply a strong mustard paste to the throat, and place a warm poultice over the paste. Feed warm mashes and boiled vegetables. Keep the stable comfortably warm, and the animal dry. Give the following powders once a day: Powdered peruvian bark, 2 ounces; powdered gentian, 1 ounce; powdered copperas, 1 ounce. Mix, and divide into eight powders.

William Ernstein, Colorado.—A good cordial ball for a horse is: Anise (powdered), half an ounce; ginger, one dracm; gentian, one dracm; fenugreek, two dracms. Mix.

J. M. Brown, West Virginia.—For the green worm that cuts on cabbage in the fall, the best plan is to catch the small white butterfly, which deposits its eggs in May or June, with an insect catching net. When the cabbages are small—before beginning to head—by scattering one part white hellbore to four parts lime dust on the cabbages, the larvæ will be killed. But hellbore should not be used after the cabbages begin to mature. A writer in the *New England Homestead* says an effectual remedy for cabbage worms is to sprinkle the cabbages with water in which ground cloves has been soaked. To make a good preparation of this, put three tablespoonfuls of cloves (ground) to three quarts of cold water; let it well and sprinkle it on the cabbages with an old brush. Just at dusk is the best time to treat the plants to the mixture.

C. B. J., Ashtabula.—The Canada thistle is hard to exterminate. It is claimed by some that if the thistle is cut just as it blooms, and salt is scattered thickly over where they have been cut off, they will die. However, we think one salting and salting would not kill them all. Another way recommended is, to cut the thistles just before they bloom and pour petroleum on the stumps, which will destroy them. A New England farmer says that to kill Canada thistles they must be cut up and down with a hoe, as fast as they make their appearance above ground, say once a week or more. This takes considerable labor, but it seems to be an effectual remedy. The seeds from these pests are blown by the wind over a wide extent of ground, and if a farmer has a neighbor who allows his ground to be overrun by Canadian thistles, it will be an up-hill business for those having land near by to keep their farms rid of them. A Canadian informs the writer that in the section of Canada in which he lived, his father-in-law was greatly bothered by thistles. To get rid of them, he had a piece of iron made, tipped with steel. This was made wedge shaped, and was called a spud. It was fastened to a handle by tongues running along the sides of the handle, which was about as long as a common hoe handle but heavier. The spud was, aside from the tongues, about seven inches long. He would thrust this spud under the roots of the thistles cutting them off, and burying the thistles thus cut. As the small roots that were left made their appearance next year, the spud was again brought into requisition, and within three years there was not a thistle on his place.

Answers to Inquiries.

To Keep Butter Fresh)—Take fresh butter; work all the milk out. I like it in not more than 3 lb. rolls; wrap in old muslin and either the one or pint; make a brine strong enough to carry an egg and half as much more salt; drop in the butter and put a weight on it to keep it under. I have tried many ways to keep it fresh, but this one is the best. Please report in six months.—H. C., Williamsburg, Blair Co., Pa.

Onion Raising.—Mr. C. H. Rice, of East Tennessee wishes to know how to raise onions. In reply I would say, that the best way to raise them is direct from the seed, the first year, and never from sets, as the sets almost always go to seed if the stalk is not pulled out, which is considerable trouble. Besides, the onions raised from sets are never as solid and good for keeping, as those produced the same year from seed, and it is about the same labor to raise the sets as to raise large fine onions, thus saving one year's time. Here is my method of raising them, practiced for over 40 years:

The ground should be well manured with about 20 or 30 loads of well rotted manure in the fall, and plowed under about six inches deep. Leave the ground as rough as possible, until March, or as soon as it is dry enough. Harrow thoroughly, and use the plank leveler until the ground is in very fine condition. Drill pretty thick, to get a good stand, 14 inches apart in the rows, leaving out every ninth row for an alley, into which to rake the weeds. When they are all up the weeding must commence as the weeds often start before the onions. The weeds must be pulled out of the row by hand, and you will have a chance to get down on your knees as often as the most devout could desire. Use the common hoe or the wheel hoe, between the rows; keep the ground loose around them, but never hill them up, as this will injure them. As soon as the young onions are about three inches in height they may be thinned out to two or three inches apart; and if any spaces have missed, use those thinned out to reset them. This, as well as the thinning, can best be done in moist weather; be careful not to set them too deep, as an onion always grows above the surface of the ground; and a deep set one, or one that has the earth heed over it, always makes a skullion. If the season is favorable the crop may be gathered about August 1, or later if the season be wet. Gather them when the tops are mostly dead and they cease growing, throwing two rows together. Leave them until the tops are all dry, then haul to a cool, dry barn or shed and spread them out about six inches deep. They are now ready for market or to keep over winter. They are very easy to keep. When cold weather comes on they may be covered where they lay in the barn with straw or other litter, or they may be barreled and kept without covering and allowed to freeze, if not disturbed while frozen. The worst place to keep onions is a warm cellar as they are sure to grow. We grow the Red Wethersfield and Yellow Dancers. Raise our own seed, as the seed is very uncertain after it is two years old. Five to eight hundred bushels can be raised easily per acre, but twice that amount has often been produced, under most favorable circumstances. They are considered a very profitable crop. But let no one try too many, unless he can command plenty of labor.—Geo. Lyon, Higginsport, Brown county, Ohio.

Destruction of our Birds.

In spite of the earnest protests of the humane, of the remonstrances or economists, and of the laws of many states, the cruel slaughter of our feathered songsters still continues. The mortality among birds by ordinary accidents, depredations, and slaughter nearly counterbalances their increase; and such special havoc as has of late years been committed among them, upsets the balance of nature and leads to the speedy extinction of whole species. Within the last half dozen years so disastrous has been the slaughter of many species whose bright plumage and gladsome songs enatified and thrilled country places, that ornithologists estimate that even if the slaughter were at once to cease several generation must pass before the evil effects of the recent reckless destruction would be effaced. Entomologists estimate that the annual loss in food and fiber plants annually by insects amounts to fully $300,000,000 in this country alone. At a very low estimate, 5,000,000 birds are annually slaughtered for feminine adornment, and it is calculated that the death of every insect-eating bird causes an actual and consequential loss equivalent to four bushels of grain. What an enormous tax the country is paying to gratify the cruel demands of a fashion set by a notorious Parisian profligate, and maintained by thoughtless vanity.

While the reckless vanity of women is the chief cause of this baneful butchery, man's gluttony and greed are powerfully aiding woman's vanity. Every year the rapacious pot-hunter, the dandified cit and the inconsiderate school-boy are heedlessly decimating the most destructive foes of the fast multiplying myriads of insect pests that cause agriculture annual losses high among the millions. Several of the states have lately passed salutary laws for the protection of insectivorous birds; but the enforcement of them have provided suitable means for their enforcement. Recent events have shown that the wishes of the farmers of the country, emphatically expressed, have powerful influence with our legislators, and on what subject should their wishes be expressed more emphatically than on the necessity for prompt and effective legislation for the protection of the friends whose graceful, melodious presence beautifies the country, gladdens their homes and greatly aids to save their crops from detruction.—*Rural New Yorker.*

Peach Yellows—A Mistake.

In the last report of the New Jersey Experiment Station we find this statement: "On unmanured soils the foliage of the peach trees turned yellow, great numbers of little suckers grew out on the branches, and the trees were said to have the 'yellows' and soon died. The good effect of fertilizers upon the falling trees was so marked that many cultivators believe there is no such disease, and that their early failure is simply due to lack of proper plant food." These views, as a consequence, deny the existence of the contagious character of the yellows.

The value of muriate of potash for preventing or curing the yellows in its earliest stages, has been at last in part fully proved. That it is a distinct and separate disease of a strongly contagious character has been thoroughly proved, and some virulent cases have occurred in orchards on strong and rich land. The first which we ever met with, more than sixty years ago, in a peach orchard standing in fertile soil in the famous wheat-growing region of New York, had several trees affected and destroyed by the unreproduced yellows, but it was eradicated from the rest of the orchard. Later, a new orchard was set out on equally rich land, and when the young trees began to bear, one of them was found to have the yellows, introduced from an eastern nursery, and indicated by the premature ripening of the leaves, and their insipid and discolored flesh. The next year the wiry shoots followed, and death. The four trees which stood around this diseased tree were all affected with the same symptoms the next year, and in all cases first on the limbs nearest to the diseased tree—that is, on the branches pointing toward it. The prompt removal of all the affected trees preceded the spread of the disease.

This was about the year 1828, since which time many other instances have been met with. Among others, we visited a magnificent twenty-acre peach orchard growing in a fertile region of Western New York, which was then beginning to yield to the yellows with vigorous vitality. It was naturally rich, and it had been fertilized and kept by the owner in good cultivation. This treatment would have prevented anything like the disaster described in the above statement from the New Jersey Report, but it did not prevent the ingress of the contagious yellows, which compared to be unusually virulent and quickly destroyed that fine orchard, which was estimated in 1880 as good for 10,000 baskets of superb fruit. Many other orchards in the same region were more or less diseased in the same way. It is well to supply the fertilizers to all orchards which are obviously suffering from want of proper plant-food, and they may cure mild cases of yellows, as well as all cases where diseased growth from starvation resembles yellows. The orchardists at South Haven, in Michigan, are able to furnish plenty of instances of its specific and contagious character.—*Country Gentleman.*

The Report of the Department of Agriculture on the Crops.

Washington, July 9.—The statistician of the department of Agriculture reports a further extension of the corn area of about one and one-half million acres, an increase of 1 per cent. over the acreage of 1886. It states of declining wheat culture; maize has advanced its area largely, notably in Kansas. A decrease is noted in the district between the Mississippi and the Rocky Mountains, and a considerable increase is reported in the cotton states.

The season has been fairly favorable both for planting and growing, and condition is high, averaging 95.7, which differs little from the July condition of the past three years preceding 1884. The great corn growing states, which furnish the surplus, average nearly 99 per cent. in condition.

The condition of winter wheat on the first of July, or at the time of harvest for the more southern states, is 83.5, a reduction since the June report of 1.4. There has been a heavy decline in Kansas, a material reduction in California, with some loss in several of the southern states.

Some of the remainder have gained a point or two, and others have lost. The chinch bug has wrought some damage in most of the western states, and in Maryland and Virginia,, where harvested grain has been threshed, results are variable, with plump, sound grain in some localities and a shrunken berry indicated in others.

There is reported a somewhat serious decline in the condition of spring wheat, largely due from the prevalence of chinch bugs. The general average is 75.3; last month it was 87.3, a decline of eight points. The condition in July of 1886 was 83.3, four points higher than the present average.

The average for Wisconsin is 77 p. c.; Minn., 76; Iowa, 72; Nebraska, 75; Dakota, 87.

The chinch bug, the hessian fly, the grasshopper in the Northwest and the joint-worm in West Virginia have all aided in the reduction of the yield of wheat.

The average condition of winter rye is 88; that of spring rye 84.3, showing a decline in condition since last report. The average for barley is likewise reduced. It is 82.8 instead or 88.9 last month. The decline is mainly in the West.

A reduction appears in oats from 91 in June to 85.9, due to drouth and insect ravages. It is heaviest in Illinois, Wisconsin and the states west of the Mississippi. There has been an increase of 2.7 per cent. in acreage of potatoes, the largest rate of advance being in Dakota, Kansas and Nebraska.

The condition average is 93. Wheat is a little below the July averages of previous thirteen years. There is apparently a decline of about one-sixth in the tobacco acreage, in which nearly all the tobacco growing states participate. The average of condition is 84, a lower July figure that for several years.

The status of the cotton crop has not declined since last report. In the southeast there is a slight reduction compensated by small advances in the states west of the Mississippi. The average is 97, which is four points higher than the average for July in the previous ten years.

It was exceeded in 1879 and 1880, and nearly equalled in July of 1881 and 1884, nearly seven years of small production. There have been but two July records below 90 since 1873. The state averages are: Virginia, 98; North Carolina, 99; South Carolina, 97; Georgia, 96; Florida, 98; Alabama 98; Mississippi 99; Louisiana 98, Arkansas 99; Tennessee 98. Texas 95;

The crop is under unusually clean cultivation. There are few reports of injury from excessive moisture and a few of drouth. Cotton worms are indicated in very few locations.

REV. DR. TALMAGE ABOUT DEATH.

Why Paul the Apostle Made No Objection to Accompanying His Executioners—The Pleasant Reception Which Awaits the Christian in the Golden City.

The Hamptons, July 10.—The Brooklyn Tabernacle being closed for enlargement, the Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D. D., pastor, spends his first Sabbath away from his flock the present season at this summer home. His subject for to-day was: "From Dungeon to Palace," and his text: "The time of my departure is at hand," 2 Timothy, iv., 6

The way out of this world is so blocked up with coffin and hearse, and undertaker's spade and screw-driver that the Christian can hardly think as he ought to of the most cheerful passage in all his history. We hang black instead of white over the place where the good man gets his last victory. We stand weeping over a heap of chains which the freed soul has shaken off, and we say: "Poor man! What a pity it was he had to come to this!" Come to what? At the time the people have assembled at the obsequies that man has been three days so happy that all the joy of earth accumulated would be wretchedness beside it, and he might better weep over you because you have to stay, than you weep over him because he has to go. It is a fortunate thing that a good man does not have to witness his own obsequies, they would be so disconsolate with his own experience. If the Israelites should go back to Egypt and mourn over the brick-kilns they once left, they would not be any more silly than that Christian who would forsake heaven and come down and mourn because he had to leave this world. Our ideas of the Christian's death are morbid and sickly. We look upon it as a dark hole in which a man stumbles when his breath gives out. This whole subject is odorous with varnish and disinfectants, instead of being sweet with mignonette. Paul, in my text, takes that great-clod of a word, "death," and throws it away, and speaks of his "departure"—a beautiful, bright, suggestive word, descriptive of every Christian's release.

Now, departure implies a starting place, and a place of destination. When Paul left this world what was the starting point? It was a scene of great physical distress. It was the Tullianum, the lower dungeon of the Mamertine prison. The top dungeon was bad enough, it having no means of ingress or egress but through an opening in the top. Through that the prisoner was lowered, and through that came all the food and air and light received. It was a terrible place, that upper dungeon; but the Tullianum was the lower dungeon and was still more wretched, the only light and the only air coming through the roof, and that roof the floor of the upper dungeon That was Paul's last earthly residence. It was a dungeon just six feet and a half high. It was a doleful place. It had the accretion of long centuries of dampness. It was filthy with the rotting incarcerations of miserable wretches. It was there that Paul spent his last days on earth, and it is there that I see him to day, in the fearful dungeon, shivering, blue with the cold, waiting for that old overcoat which he had sent for up to Troas, and which they had not yet sent down, notwithstanding he had written for it.

If some skillful surgeon should go into that dungeon where Paul is incarcerated, we might find out what are the prospects of Paul's living through the rough imprisonment. In the first place, he is an old man, only two years short of 70. At that very time when he most needs the warmth and the sunlight and the fresh air he is shut out from the sun. What are those scars on his ankles? Why those were gotten when he was fast, his feet in the stocks.

Every time he turned, the flesh on his ankles started. What are those scars on his back? You know he was whipped five times, each time getting 39 strokes—195 bruises on the back (count them) made by the Jews with rods of elm wood, each one of the switches bringing the blood. Look at Paul's face and look at his arms. Where did he get those bruises? I think it was when he was struggling ashore amidst the shivered timbers of the shipwreck. I see a gash in Paul's side. Where did he get that? I think he got that in the tussle with highwaymen, for he was in the peril of robbers, and he had money of his own. He was a mechanic as well as an apostle, and I think the tents he made were as good as his sermons.

There is a wanness about Paul's looks. What makes that? I think a part of that came from the fact that he was for 24 hours on a plank in the Mediterranean Sea, suffering terribly, before he was rescued; he says positively, "I was a night and a day in the deep." Oh, worn out, emaciated old man! surely you must be melancholy; no constitution could endure this and be cheerful. But I press my way through the prison until I come up close to the face of it, and by the faint light that streams through the opening I see on his face a supernatural joy, and I bow before him and I say, "Aged man, how can you keep cheerful amidst all this gloom?" His voice startles the darkness of the place as he cries out: "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand." Hark! what is that shuffling of feet in the upper dungeon? Why, Paul has an invitation to a banquet, and he is going to dine all day with the king. Those shuffling feet are the feet of the executioners. They come, and they come, and they cry down through the hole of the dungeon: "Hurry up, old man. Come now; get yourself ready." Why, Paul was ready. He had nothing to pack up. He had no baggage to take. He had been ready a good while. I see him rising up, and straightening out his stiffened limbs, and pushing back his white hair from his creviced forehead, and see him looking up through the hole in the roof of the dungeon into the face of the executioner, and hear him say: "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand." Then they lift him out of the dungeon, and they start with him to the place of execution. They say: "Hurry along, old man, or you will feel the weight of the spear. Hurry along." "How far is it," says Paul, "we have to travel?" "Three miles." Three miles is is a good way for an old man to travel after he has been whipped and crippled with maltreatment. But they soon get to the place of execution—Aquae Salvia—and he is fastened to the pillar of martyrdom. He makes no resistance. O, Paul! why not strike for your life? You have a great many friends here. With that withered hand just launch the thunderbolt of the people upon those infamous soldiers. No! Paul was not going to interfere with his own coronation. He was too glad to go. I see him looking up in the face of his executioner, and, as the grim official draws the sword, Paul calmly says: "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand." But I put my hand over my eyes. I want not to see that last struggle. One sharp, keen stroke, and Paul does go to the banquet, and Paul does dine with the King.

What a transition it was! From the malaria of Rome to the finest climate in all the universe—the zone of eternal beauty and health. His ashes were put in the catacombs at Rome, but in one moment the air of Heaven bathed from his soul the last ache. From shipwreck, from dungeon, from the biting pain of the elmwood rods, from the sharp sword of the headsman, he goes into the most brilliant assemblage of heaven, a king among kings, multitudes of the sainthood rushing out and stretching forth hands of welcome; for I do really think that as on the right hand of God is Christ, so on the right hand of Christ is Paul, the second great on heaven.

He changed kings likewise. Before the hour of death, and up to the last moment, he was under Nero, the thick-necked, the cruel-eyed, the filthy-lipped; the sculptured features of that man bringing down to us, to this very day, the horrible possibilities of his nature—scarred as he was, and pictured marbles of Egypt, under a roof adorned with mother-of-pearl, in a dining-room which by machinery was kept whirling day and night with most bewitching magnificence; his horses standing in stalls of solid gold, and the grounds around his palace lighted at night by the victims that had been daubed with tar and pitch and then set on fire to illumine the darkness. That was Paul's king. But the next moment he goes into the realm of him whose reign is love, and whose courts are paved with love, and whose throne is set on pillars of love, and whose scepter is entwined with love, and whose palace is lighted and whose lifetime is an eternity of love. When Paul was leaving so much on this side the pillar of martyrdom to gain so much on the other side, do you wonder at the cheerful valedictory of the text! "The time of my departure is at hand!"

Now, why cannot all the old people of this congregation have the same holy glee as that aged man had? Charles I., when he was combing his head, found a gray hair and he sent it to the Queen as a joke; but old age is really no joke at all. For the last 40 years you have been dreading that which ought to have been an exhilaration. You say you most fear the struggle at the moment the soul and body part. But millions have endured that moment, and why not we as well? They got through with it, and so can we. Besides this, all medical men agree in saying that there is probably no struggle at all at the last moment—that so much pain as the prick of a pin, the seeming signs of distress being altogether involuntary. But you say: "It is the uncertainty of the future." Now child of God, do not play the infidel. After God has filled the Bible till it can hold no more with stories of the good things ahead, better not talk about uncertainties.

But you say: "I cannot bear to think of parting from friends here." If you are old you have more friends in heaven than here. Just take the census. Take some large sheet of paper and begin to record the names of those who have emigrated to the other shore; the companions of your school days, your early business associates; the friends of mid-life, and those who more recently went away. Can it be that they have been gone so long you do not care any more about them, and you do not want their society? Oh, no! There have been days when you have felt that you could not endure it another moment away from their blessed companionship. They have gone. You say you would not like to bring them back to this world of trouble even if you had the power. It would not do to trust you. God would not give you resurrection power. Before to-morrow morning you would be rattling at the gates of the cemetery, crying to the departed: "Come back to the cradle where you slept! Come back to the hall where you used to play! Come back to the table where you used to sit!" and there would be a great burglary in heaven. No, no! God would not trust you with resurrection power; but he compromises the matter, and says: "You can not bring them where you are, but you can go where they are." They are more lovely now than ever. Were they beautiful here, they are more beautiful there.

Besides that, it is more healthy there for you than here, aged man; better climate there than these hot summers and cold winters and late springs; better hearing, better eyesight, more tonic in the air, more perfume in the bloom, more sweetness in the song. Do you not feel, aged man, sometimes as though you would like to get your arm and foot free? Do you not feel as though you like to throw away spectacles and canes and crutches? Would you not like to feel the spring and elasticity and vitality of an eternal boyhood? When the point at which you start from this world is old age, and the point to which you go is eternal juvenescence, aged man, clap your hands at the anticipation, and say, in perfect rapture of soul: "The time of my departure is at hand."

I remark again, all those ought to feel this hour of Paul who have a holy curiosity to know what is beyond this earthly terminus. And who has not any curiosity about it? Paul, I suppose, had the most satisfactory view of heaven, and he says: "It doth not yet appear what we shall be." It is like looking through a telescope. "Now we see through a glass darkly." Now we see through a glass darkly." Paul, can you tell me anything about that heavenly place? You ask me a thousand questions about it that I cannot answer. I ask you a thousand questions about it that you cannot answer. And do you wonder that Paul was so glad when martyrdom gave him a chance to go over and make discoveries in the blessed country?

I hope some day, by the grace of God, to go over and see for myself, but not now. No well man, no prospered man, I think, wants to go now. But the time will come, I think, when I shall go over. I want to see what they do there, and I want to see how they get on. I do not want to be looking through the gates ajar forever. I want them to swing wide open. There are ten thousand things I want explained—about you, about myself, about the government of this world, about God, about everything. We start in a plain path of what we know, and in a minute come up against a high wall of what we do not know. I wonder how it looks over there. Somebody tells me it is like a paved city—paved with gold; and another man tells me it is like a fountain, and it is like a tree, and it is like a triumphal procession, and the next man I meet tells me it is all figurative. I really want to know after the body is resurrected, what they wear and what they eat; and I have an immeasurable curiosity to know what it is, and how it is, and where it is. Columbus risked his life to find this continent, and shall we shudder to go out on a voyage of discovery which shall reveal a vaster and more brilliant country? John Franklin risked his life to find a passage between icebergs, and shall we dread to find a passage to eternal summer? Men in Switzerland travel up the heights of the Matterhorn with alpstock, and guides, and roped, and ropes, and, getting half way up, stumble and fall down in a horrible massacre. They just want to say they had been on the tops of those high peaks. And shall we fear to go out for the ascent of the eternal hills which start a thousand miles beyond where stop the highest peaks of the Alps, and when in that ascent there is no peril? A man doomed to die stepped on the scaffold, and said in joy: "Now, in ten minutes I will know the great secret." One minute after the vital functions ceased, the little child that died last night in Montague street knew more than Jonathan Edwards or St. Paul himself before he died. Hands, the exit from this world, or death, if you please to call it, to the Christian is glorious explanation. It is demonstration. It is illuminatain. It is sunburst. It is the opening of all the windows. It is the shutting up the catechism of doubt and the unrolling of all the scrolls of positive and accurate information. Instead of standing at the bottom of the ladder and looking up, it is standing at the top of the ladder and looking down. It is the last mystery taken out of botany, and geology, and astronomy, and theology. O, will it not be grand to have all questions answered? The perpetually recurring interrogation point changed for the mark of exclamation. All problems solved. Who will fear to go out on that discovery, when all the questions are to be decided which we have been discussing all our lives? Who shall not clap his hands in the anticipation of that blessed country, if it be no better than through holy curiosity, crying: "The time of my departure is at hand!"

I remark, again, we ought to have the joy of Paul, because, leaving this world, we move into the best society of the universe. You see a great crowd of people in some street, and you say, "Who is passing there? What general, what prince is going up there?" "Oh," says the great throng in heaven, I say: "Who is the center of all that admiration? Who is the center of all that glittering company?" It is Jesus, the champion of all worlds, the favorite of all ages. Do you know what is the first question the soul will ask when it comes through the gate of heaven? It will be the first question of the pilgrim of Patmos, the first that pardoned my sin, that carried my sorrows, that fought my battles, that one my victories?" O radiant one! how I would like to see thee! Thou of the manger, but without its humiliation. Thou of the cross, but without its pangs. Thou of the grave, but without its darkness.

The Bible intimates that we will talk with Jesus in heaven just as a brother talks with a brother. Now, what will you ask him first? I do not know. I can think what I would ask Paul first, if I saw him in heaven. I think I would like to hear him describe the storm that came upon the ship when there were two hundred and seventy-five souls on the vessels, Paul being the only man on board cool enough to describe the storm. There is a fascination about a ship and the sea that I shall never get over, and I think I would like to hear him talk about that first. But when I meet my Lord Jesus Christ, of what shall I first delight to hear him speak? Now I think what it is. I shall first want to hear the tragedy of His last hours, and then Luke's account of the crucifixion, and Mark's account of the crucifixion, and John's account of the crucifixion will be nothing, while from the living lips of Christ the story shall be told of the gloom that fell, and the devils that arose, and the fast that upon his endurance depended the rescue of a race; and there was darkness in the sky, and there was darkness in the soul, and the pain became more sharp, and the burdens became more heavy, until the mob began to swim away from the dying vision of Christ, and the cursing of the mob came to his ear more faintly, and his hands were fastened to the horizontal piece of the cross, and his feet were fastened to the perpendicular piece of the cross, and his head fell forward in a swoon as he uttered the last moan and cried: "It is finished!" All heaven will stop to listen until the story is done, and every harp will be put down, and every lip closed, and all eyes fixed upon the divine narrator, until the story is done; and then, at the tap of the baton, the eternal orchestra will rouse up; finger on string of harp and lips to the mouth of trumpet, there shall roll forth the oratorio of the Messiah: "Worthy is the lamb that was slain to receive blessing, and riches, and honor, and glory, and power, world without end. Amen."

"What he endured, oh, who can tell,
To save our souls from death and hell!"

When there was between Paul and that magnificent personage only the thinness of the sharp edge of the sword of the executioner, do you wonder that he wanted to go? O, my Lord Jesus, let one wave of that glory roll over this auditory! Hark! I hear the wedding bells of heaven ringing now. The marriage of the Lamb has come, and the bride hath made herself ready.

FAMINE IN ICELAND.

Many Peasants and Thousands of Cattle Have Starved to Death.

Copenhagen, July 7.—Reports have been received here that a terrible famine prevails at Skamefjord, Iceland, and that many peasants and thousands of cattle have died from want of food.

The distress of the people is increasing

News of the Week.

GROVER WILL NOT GO.

He Had Probably Rather go Fishing than to a G. A. R. Encampment.

St. Louis, July 7.—[Special wire.]—The following letter, addressed to the mayor of this city, who was the chairman of the committee of representative citizens of St. Louis who verbally invited the president to visit this city during the holding of the encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic next September, is printed in the *Republican* this morning, and explains itself without further comment:

Executive Mansion,
Washington, July 4, 1887.

Hon. David B. Francis, Mayor and Chairman:

My Dear Sir:—When I received the extremely cordial and gratifying invitation from the citizens of St. Louis, tendered by a number of their prominent citizens, to visit that city during the national encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic, I had been contemplating for some time the acceptance of an invitation from that organization to the same effect, and had considered the pleasure which it would afford me if it should be possible, to meet not only members of the Grand Army, but the people of St. Louis and other cities in the vicinity. The occasion would give me an opportunity to visit.

The exactions of my public duties I felt to be so uncertain, however, that, when first confronted by the delegation which called upon me in the hotel in Washington, I felt to do no more at that time than to promise the consideration of the double invitation tendered me, and express the pleasure it would give me to accept the same thereafter, if possible.

But the cordiality and sincerity of your presentation, reinforced by the heartiness of the people who surrounded you, so impressed me that I could not forget the feeling which prompted me to assure you on the spot that I would be with you and the Grand Army of the Republic at the time designated, if nothing happened in the meantime to absolutely prevent my leaving Washington.

Immediately upon the public announcement of this conclusion, expressions emanating from certain important members of the Grand Army of the Republic, and incurring in volume as the time for the encampment approached, induced me to review my acceptance of these invitations. The expressions referred to go to the extent of declaring that I would be an unwelcome guest at the time and place of the national encampment.

This statement is based, as well as I can judge, upon certain official acts of mine, involving important public interests, done under the restraints and obligations of the oath of office, which appear to accord with the wishes of some members of the Grand Army of the Republic.

I refuse to believe that this organization, founded upon patriotic ideas, composed very largely of men entitled to lasting honor and consideration, and whose crowning glory it should be that they are American citizens as well as veteran soldiers, is a part of this misdeed to compass any object or purpose by attempting to intimidate the executive or coerce those charged with making and executing the laws.

That the expressions to which I have referred indicate such a prevalence of unfriendly feeling and such a menace to an occasion which should be harmonious, peaceful and cordial, that they can not be ignored. I beg you to understand that I am not conscious of any act of mine which should make me fear to meet the Grand Army of the Republic, or any other assemblage of my fellow-citizens.

The account of my official stewardship is always ready for presentation to my countrymen. I should not be frank if I failed to express my pain that I have been misrepresented, that I have been hurt by the unworthy and wanton attacks upon me growing out of this matter, and the reckless manner in which my actions and motives have been misrepresented both publicly and privately, for which, however, the Grand Army of the Republic, as a body, is by no means responsible.

The threats of personal violence and harm in case I undertake the trip in question, which scores of misguided, unwholesome beings seem in stimulation of excited feeling, have made, are not even considered. Rather than abandon my visit to the West and disappoint your citizens, I might, if I alone were concerned, submit to the indignities which both of you openly asserted I would be helplessly subjected if present at the encampment; but I should bear with me there the people's highest office, the dignity of which I must protect, and I believe that I owe it to the Grand Army of the Republic, as an organization, nor anything like a majority of its members, would ever encourage any scoundrelous attack upon it.

If, however, among the membership of this body, there are some, as certainly seems to be the case, determined to denounce me and my official acts at the national encampment, I believe they should be permitted to do so unrebuked by any presence as a guest of their organization, or as a guest of the hospitable city in which their meeting is held.

A number of Grand Army posts have signified their intention, I am informed, to remain away from the encampment in case I visit the city at that time. Without considering the merit of such an excuse, I feel that I ought not to be the cause of such non-attendance. The time and place of the encampment were fixed long before my invitations were received. Those desiring to participate in its proceedings should not be regarded, and should not be permitted to interfere with their intentions.

Another consideration of more importance than all others remains to be noticed. The fact was referred to by your fellow-citizens who confronted by the delegation which called upon me here, but you can go nowhere else to do more at that time than to promise the consideration of the double invitation tendered me, and express the pleasure it would give me to accept the same thereafter, if possible.

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REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

The New York Produce Exchange has joined the Saturday half-holiday movement.

The London wool market is very animated, and shows a good demand for all kinds.

The bandwraith has rescinded its recent order against the exportation of horses from Germany.

The queen regent of Spain has received the new papal nuncio. Cordial greetings were exchanged.

Queen Victoria will visit Lord Salisbury, the prime minister, at his residence, in Hatfield house, on the 19th inst.

Peter Barlow, who took part in the American revolution, under Gen. Washington, has died in Demarara, aged 130 years.

The Berlin *Germania* says a Palestine society is buying pieces of land in Palestine upon which it is proposed to found catholic stations.

The freedom of the city of Edinburg was conferred upon Mr. Andrew Carnegie in recognition of his gift of a library to the town.

Treasury officials at Washington claim the late charges against ex-Collector Beecher were investigated months ago and that there was nothing in them.

The state department has received no information in regard to the reported massacre of Chinamen in Idaho. The Chinese legation is equally ignorant.

At the Gladstone garden party in London, editor Pulitzer, of the New York *World*, made the presentation speech accompanying an American testimonial.

Two unpublished letters from Luther to Brenz and five from Melanichton to the Swabian reformer, Tachmann, have been found in an old desk in a school at Heilbronn.

Ex-Queen Isabella has sent to the duke of Edinburgh the star and cross of the order of Charles III. A banquet was given in honor of the duke at the palace in Madrid.

A deputation of English ladies presented an address to Mrs. Sullivan, wife of the Lord Mayor of Dublin, asking her to assist in an agitation for the repeal of the coercion act.

Parnell has written to Fitzgerald thanking him for past aid and asking for more. Fitzgerald responded by stating that $30,000 additional would soon be on its way to Ireland.

Worms are destroying the cranberry vines in Wisconsin. It is feared that the vine will be permanently injured. One grower who expected to harvest 15,000 bushels will not get any.

It is reported that Gen. Ferron invited Gen. Boulanger to take luncheon with him, and Gen. Boulanger replied that the circumstances rendered it impossible for him to accept the invitation.

The ameer of Afghanistan has nailed to the door of the Candahar gate, underneath the Koran, a proclamation offering a free pardon and the remission of two years' taxes to all rebels who surrender.

The French cabinet has decided to dismiss from office all French mayors who were in any way concerned in the royalist manifestations in honor of the count of Paris during his visit to the Isle of Jersey.

It is understood the Dominion government will not entertain any proposal for the purchase of the Intercolonial railway until the effect of the short line through the state of Maine has been ascertained.

The issue of standard silver dollars from the mints during the week ended July 9, was $306,484; same period last year, $576,188. The shipments of fractional silver coin since July 1 amounts to $205,698.

A pension will soon be granted to Elizabeth Casey, Washington. She is the widow of John Casey who served in the revolution. He was 70 and she was 16 when they married, and she is now past 80 years old and destitute.

In the "boodle" trial at Chicago the case of the five jurors suspected of having been tampered with by the defense, came up for decision, and the court ordered the jurors to be examined as to their relations with the defense.

The Bulgarian government crisis continues. M. Stambuloff, President of the Regency, maintains that his party has a majority in the country and he insists that M. Nickoroff, Minister of War, shall resign. The sobranje has adjourned.

The latest news from Stanley, the African explorer, is that he is on a journey from Leopoldville to Lonkolela and had to overcome serious obstacles. The greatest difficulty was to replenish his commissary. Stanley is ill from excessive heat.

The issue of the first 100,000 marks of the new German Imperial loan has been subscribed for seven times over. The bulk of those desiring to invest in the loan are private capitalists. The applications of Berlin parties alone amount to 400,000 marks.

Prince Ferdinand, of Saxe-Coburgh-Gotha, was elected prince of Bulgaria. It is claimed that if the powers refuse to recognize his election the Sobranje intend to abrogate Article 7 of the Berlin treaty and proclaim the independence of the country.

Yon Phen Lee, of Fragrant Hills, China, who graduated with high honor at Yale's last commencement, was united in marriage to Miss Elita Mead Jerome, a New Haven heiress. The ceremony was quietly performed at the residence of the bride's mother.

Judge O'Brien, in opening the Clare (Ireland) Assizes, said the cases to come up for trial would represent only a small proportion of the crimes actually committed. Clare, he said, still held the distinction of being the worst part of Ireland in respect to social disorder.

The mayor of Meadville, Pa., has issued a summons to several prominent citizens commanding them to appear to answer the charge of violating the Sunday law on July 3, by having fire crackers and other explosives on the streets and public places.

The commission of physicians who examined Sharp say he cannot live but a few years. They add, he may die any moment. The foreman of the jury, and a majority of the jurors in the case, have signed a petition to Judge Barrett to limit Sharp's punishment to a fine of $5,000.

The Paris *Figaro* says that the Pope, in a conversation recently with a French statesman, who visited him in Rome, expressed his attachment for France and his belief that the unity of Europe would remain upset until France regained her proper position among the nations.

Senator Sherman and Ben Butterworth, it is reported, will make a tour of Canada during August. The same report adds that no American boodle visit is complete unless a couple of Canadian coal lands in view of utilizing it when the two countries accept the reciprocity treaties.

Officers of three of the Grand Army posts in Utica, N. Y., say that they are unjustly represented by the correspondent who reported their visit to Clinton it President Cleveland attended. Two posts have not acted on the invitation and the third decided not to attend for a want of at least five men who could not conveniently go.

Jeff. Davis has emerged once more to write a six-column letter to the Baltimore *Herald* in which he charges that men were hired by those in authority in the federal states to assassinate him during the rebellion. His letter is breezy and hopeful, save with the idea that the ex-confederate is telling on his mental condition.

McGlynn shows a spirit of defiance and claims his excommunication was not according to good Catholicy. Some leading New York Catholics are of the same opinion and claim the Pope had no more right to excommunicate him than a judge would to sentence a criminal before he had plead guilty, or been tried and convicted.

Roscoe Conkling has arrived in Chicago. In regard to the report that he was to make a speech in the Grant club Thursday evening, he said: "I shall not make a speech. I was invited to visit the club as a member, and distinctly told no addresses would be made. I certainly shall not speak. I am here on legal business."

The workmen of Ellisburg presented Carnegie with an address of welcome, thanking him for his gift of a library to the town. Mr. Carnegie and Mrs. Carnegie were present. Mr. Carnegie, addressing the workmen, said a century ago British workmen were serfs upon estates owned by the then dissolute peers. The serfs rebelled, fought and bled, but in much of time labor triumphed and the workmen could now sell their labor to whom they pleased.

EXCOMMUNICATED.

The Official Document From Rome Made Public.

NEW YORK, July 11.—The following is published in all the New York papers:

Official to the Very Reverend Clergy and the Faithful Laity of the Archdiocese of New York:

Be it known that on the fourth day of May, 1887, the sacred congregation of the propaganda admonished the Rev. Dr. Edward McGlynn, late rector of St. Stephen's church in this city, that he had already rendered himself liable to ecclesiastical censure by disobeying the positive command of the Sovereign Pontiff given January 15.

Wishing, however, to deal leniently with him, the sacred congregation refrained from inflicting censure, and offering him a further opportunity to be heard in his own behalf, I gave him in mind and peremptory command to present himself in Rome within 40 days from the receipt of the letter containing such order under pain of excommunication, to be incurred *ipso facto et incontinenti*.

That letter was duly delivered to Rev. Dr. McGlynn, and as he allowed the grace to pass unheeded, it became our sad duty to notify him that he had incurred by his own act this penalty of excommunication by name, whereby he is cut off from the communion of the church, from its sacraments and participation in its prayers, and should he persevere in his contumacy, deprived of the right after death to Christian burial.

It has become also our duty to declare to the clergy and laity of our charge, which we do by these letters, that the Rev. Dr. Edward McGlynn is excommunicated *nominatim*, with all the effects attached, to this censure by the canons of the church.

MICHAEL AUGUSTINE CORRIGAN,
Archbishop of New York.

At the anti-poverty meeting Sunday night James J. Gahan, of the Catholic *Herald*, presided over the Academy meeting and John Penny over the Irving Hall. Chairman Gahan said, in his introductory speech:

We are here to-night to let Rome know that in matters political not one jot of our allegiance is rendered to any power or potentate, but its entire is given to the laws and constitution of the United States. [Cheers.] In not one church did any one dare to stand up and read the decree of Michael Augustine Corrigan. Hisses and cat calls [when church authorities attempted to read] when church authorities attempted to read the decree of Michael Augustine Corrigan. Hisses and cat calls